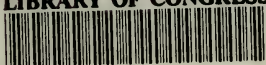


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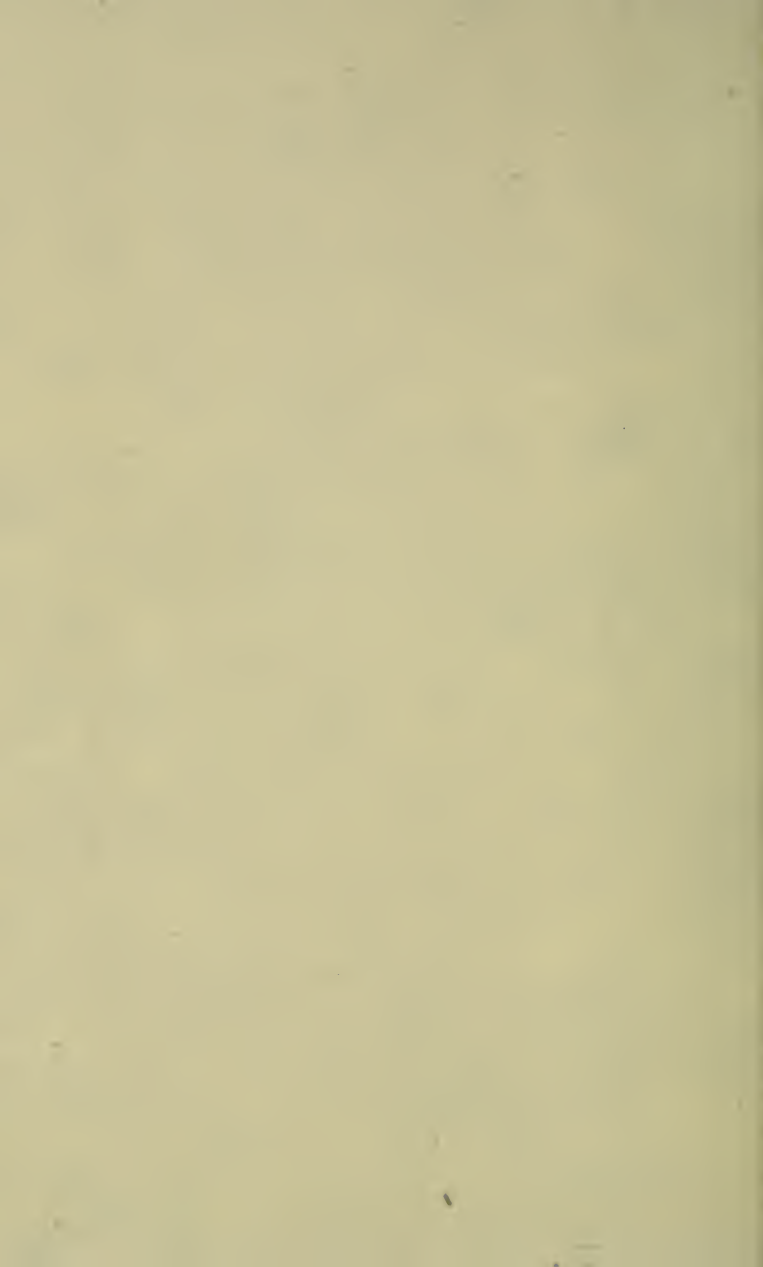
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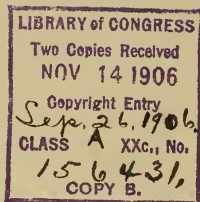
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In Forest Land

BY
DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SIDNEY VERNON STREATOR

1906
AMERICAN LUMBERMAN
CHICAGO



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THE FOREST

THE MELODY OF LEAVES ASTIR.

Let other bards their harps attune
To sing of gold and courts and kings;
But leave to me the hush of June,
The music that the forest sings.
Let other bards from fields of blood
Send up their hymns to mighty Mars;
But leave to me the quiet wood,
The tender moonlight and the stars.

I'll hang my harp upon a tree,
Where ev'ry passing breeze may play,
And catch the leafy minstrelsy,
The music of the shaded way.
Yea, I will teach this harp of mine
To sing the song the forest sings,
To mingle with the sob of pine
The silver aspen's whisperings.

For I would find that sweetest chord
That makes the forest harmony,
Would wake at will the music poured
To ev'ry zephyr by the tree.
To know thee more my spirit longs,
O melody of leaves astir;
O forest, let me sing thy songs,
O, make me thy interpreter.

IN AN OPEN PLACE.

I step from out the forest vast
My feet have wandered through;
I leave the forest of the Past
To greet a forest new.
A year ago like this I stood
Before untrodden ways
And plunged, as now, within a wood—
A wilderness of days.

A year ago a year new born
Stretched out before my feet;
Then not a rose concealed a thorn
And ev'ry fruit was sweet.
But, as I walked, the sky grew gray
And tangled grew the road;
Then lonely was the forest way
And heavy was the load.

As thus the year, once new, grew less,
Perplexing grew the wood;
I knew not if to onward press
Or linger where I stood.
New hurts and wrongs my path made drear,
Old wounds were opened wide;
And none there was my heart to cheer
And none to walk beside.

Now comes the New Year, as it came
Before with hope aglow;
The way that beckons is the same
That called a year ago.

I thank Thee, Lord, that, spite of pain
And slur and cold offense,
I thank Thee, Lord, that, spite of rain
And past experience,

The New Year ever looks as fair
As if all life were new;
The world behind is bleak and bare—
The sky before is blue.
I thank Thee, Lord, the New Year brings
A balm for hurt and pain;
With feet that run and heart that sings
I journey on again.

THE RUGGED SONS OF MAINE.

Beneath the spruce tree and the pine
Were little children reared
And something of that regal line
In their own blood appeared.
For they were mighty, like the tree
In form and heart and brain
And grew in stately dignity—
The rugged sons of Maine.

Their cradle was the bough that swings,
Their lullaby the breeze
That strikes the forest's waiting strings
And wakes its harmonies.
They laved their feet in purling brooks
That tumble to the plain,
And learned from Nature more than books—
The rugged sons of Maine.

No terrors in the forest dwelt
Or through the forest crept—
It was the altar where they knelt,
The chamber where they slept.
They walked its solemn aisles secure
From want or care or pain,
In health and vigor rich, though poor—
The rugged sons of Maine.

The rugged sons of Maine have stamped
Their impress on the world,
Beneath the battleflag have tramped
Where death's tornado whirled.

The peacetime's greater victories
Have felt the hand and brain
Of children of the forest trees—
The rugged sons of Maine.

And some there were who left the wild
To other hills to roam,
But never does the forest child
Forget the forest home.
Remembering its tender love
In sunshine and in rain,
They proudly wear the title of
The rugged sons of Maine.

THE FOREST FIRE.

At first a spark that slumbered in the leaves;
And then a tiny blaze that glowed afar—
A distant blaze that seemed a fallen star,
A single grain from heaven's silver sheaves.

The morn a smoke-plume on the hill revealed,
That marked the first insidious advance.
The night came down, and found the fiery lance
Sunk deeper in the mountain's verdant shield.

Then came long days that melted into night
And left the sky in lurid color dressed;
The sun set slowly in the vaped west,
A copper oval of distorted light.

The primal blaze threw its increasing line
Across the mountain's wooded side until
Re-echoed mournfully from hill to hill
The thunder of the stricken giant pine.

Oft skyward blazed a solitary tree,
A vivid instant dimmed all other fire—
Like souls of mighty men, when they expire
Prove greatest, even in adversity.

And, when the fury of the fiend was spent,
Burned out the fullness of its torrid wrath,
It left behind a devastated path—
To human carelessness a monument.

O ye who love the richly verdured hill,
Who wander through the tangled woodland ways;

O ye who know the worth of summer days
And love the music of the mountain rill;

Ye who convert the tree to purpose new,
To final, destined and most proper use,
Play ye no part, I pray, in this abuse,
Have not the burden of the blame on you.

First learn, yourselves, the best considered plan,
Then teach the careless what their duties are,
And never more the running flame shall scar
These timbered hills, God's generous gift to man.

YOUR SON AND MINE.

They fell, together, at the rifle pit—
My boy in garb of blue, your son in gray;
And heaven wept its tears at close of day
At sight of it.

They sleep together in a common grave,
Lulled by the murmur of the Georgia pine.
Brave was that son of yours in gray; and mine—
Was he less brave?

If they who fought the fight of life for life
And grappled at the frail embankment's crest
Have found together in your South sweet rest
Where once was strife;

If they, who lived as foes, as brothers died,
Then we the gentle balm of peace may know—
Our friendship by our common loss and woe
Resanctified.

They sleep together 'neath your Georgia pine,
The neither one more true nor yet more brave.
Come, clasp our hands across this common grave—
Your son and mine.

THE PALM.

The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.—*Psalm XCI:12.*

From the sands of the desert unnumbered,
Afar from the lily-crowned Nile,
Where the world through the ages has slumbered
The sleep without vision or smile,
It rises in evergreen splendor,
Majestic and mighty and calm—
And the heart of the pilgrim grows tender
And sweet with the peace of the palm.

The earth is a desert of yellow,
The sky is a desert of brass,
But the fruit of the palm tree is mellow
And its throne is a carpet of grass.
On the silence of earth, gray and solemn,
It breaks like the tones of a psalm:
It lifts to the heavens a column,
The evergreen shaft of the palm.

And thus, in the desert of living
Where the feet of the pilgrims have trod,
His heart of its mellow fruit giving,
Arises the servant of God—
A comfort to those who would falter;
To those who are weary, a balm;
By the desolate roadside, an altar;
In the desert of living, a palm.

O be ye the palm tree, my brother,
An oasis thus on the way;

O give of your faith to another,
A beacon to him who would stray.
And the sands shall be cool that are burning,
And the heart that is torn shall be calm,
And the feet that would fail shall be turning
To rest in the peace of the palm.

THE BASKET WEAVER.

No flashing loom is hers; no shuttle flies
To do the bidding of her hands and eyes.
No needle glides to designated place,
As weave her sisters overseas the lace.
Hers is a simpler workshop in the leaves;
This is a simpler pattern that she weaves,
Her woof the splinter of the forest tree,
The ash so white, the elm and hickory,
Her dyes the blood of marish weeds and bark
With tints as ruddy as her features dark—
These are her simple implements of toil,
The ready products of the woodland soil.

Yet who shall say her skill is aught the less
Than that of her who weaves the princess' dress?
For generations women of her race
Have woven baskets in this quiet place,
And she who weaves beneath the ancient trees
Reveals the skill of toilsome centuries.

Into the basket weaves she more than wood—
For weaves she in the romance of her blood,
Yea, weaves she in the moonlight and the sun,
The westward's burning rays when day is done,
The verdant tints of winter's evergreen,
The lily's whiteness and the willow's sheen,
The regal purple of her honored chief,
The simple beauty of her God-belief.

So, through its time, the basket that she makes
Shall sing to me of brooks and sylvan lakes,
Shall sing the glory of the vanished Red,
Shall sing a requiem for peoples dead,
Shall sing of tree, of flower and of sod—
Shall sing of Nature and the place of God.

THE VISION IN THE WOOD.

I heard a voice that sang within the wood,
A voice so sweet and so divinely clear
That, while it sang its song, I seemed to hear
The answering song of angels where I stood.
The song I know not—some unwritten rune
Of summer nights, of warm, enchanted hours,
The notes of birds, the whisperings of flowers,
Commingled in a melody of June.

I saw a figure flitting through the wood—
A woman's tempting form idealized,
A woman's form that shrank from me, surprised,
A form as graceful as the face was good.
I caught a glimpse of smiling eyes and mouth
And to the phantom all my soul went forth;
My heart, till now a frozen, barren north,
Became a quickened and a torrid south.

I came upon the vision in the wood
And (such are men and such are women fair)
Rejoiced to find no angel waited there
But just a woman, half-reluctant, stood.
The voice seraphic was a human voice,
The vision's most divinely molded form
With human blush was animate and warm,
And, o'er and o'er, I heard my heart rejoice.

L'ENVOI

Let poets with the angels dim commune,
But give to me no vision from above;
Give but a woman lush with life and love,
A forest path, her voice, her touch—and June.

CONSTANCY.

Tall and trim
The pine tree grows,
Every limb
With verdure glows;
Winter keen
Or autumn sere
Finds it green
Through all the year.

Life hath snow
Like winter hath;
Cold winds blow
Across my path.
Wind and drift
Go swirling by;
Let me lift
My head on high.

Boreas, roll
Thy thunder car—
Still my soul
Shall seek the star.
Winds may sweep
Life's woodland through—
I will keep
My spirit true.

THE OLD POLE BRIDGE.

The old pole bridge was the road that led
To the meadow-lands beyond;
In the evening light 'twas the way I sped
To a girl who was fair and fond.
The old pole bridge led to fields of green;
Yea, it led to peaceful farms,
The calm of the wood and the rural scene—
And it led to a woman's arms.

O'er the quiet stream its far-flung length
Was hung like a mighty thread,
And great its bulk and sure its strength—
But it trembled at my tread.
As the old pole bridge, my heart was strong
With the youth's sufficiency;
But a woman sang but a woman's song
And I shook like the aspen tree.

Here were the marsh and the tangled grass
And there was the meadow fair;
Here was nothing and there a lass—
And heaven was over there.
At the end of the bridge my heaven lay,
At the end of the wooden span;
For such is the charm of a woman's way
And such is the heart of a man.

The quiet stream still softly sings,
The meadow-grass is sweet;
The old pole bridge still gently swings,
Awaiting a lover's feet.
They are far away, they are far beyond
The plain and the mountain ridge;
But I know that a girl who is fair and fond
Still waits at the old pole bridge.



"The calm of the wood."



THE DIVERSITY OF NATURE.

We marvel at the beauty of the earth
But none the less at its diversity;
In all the forests that the years give birth
There is no tree like to another tree.
Each has the features that its brother has
Yet has some beauty that is all its own,
And so the traveler by woodland paths
Finds some sweet splendor in one spot alone.

There is a beauty individual
In each green nook, in every sylvan scene;
There is a velvet on each generous hill
Exactly like no other emerald sheen.
Thus we remember this dear place or that,
A perfect picture, in itself complete;
'Neath this great oak once one beloved sat,
A moment's converse made this meadow sweet.

For we shall wander many sylvan ways
Yet no strange oak our senses shall deceive,
Stroll other meadows in the coming days
And no false meadow make our hearts to grieve.
One oak shall stand within our hearts enshrined,
One meadow linger in our memory still,
Until the oldtime paths again we find,
The oak, the meadow and the velvet hill.

Ah, what a master artist Nature is!—
Ever the same, yet just the same no more.
The poet's rimes are like old rimes of his,
The singer sings the songs he sang of yore,
But Nature paints each scene a different hue,
Models in different forms her million vales;
Nature is ever olden, ever new—
Artist whose inspiration never fails.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

In September, 1609, while Henry Hudson's ship *Half Moon* was at anchor in the Hudson River, the commander sent the ship's carpenter ashore to secure a new spar from one of the forest trees. Thus pine first was felled in New York.

Here Henry Hudson furled his sails,
His rusted anchor chains released,
And knew the pain of him who fails
To find his heart's alluring East.
He sought a passage in the sun
To Marco Polo's storied land
And found, when wanderings were done,
But silent forest, whitened sand.

Yet was this land a land as fair
As that the great explorer sought,
This land a greater people bare
And here were greater wonders wrought.
But asked he not to sense the years
Nor wished the veil of Time to raise—
For they who seek for hemispheres
Find small content in quiet bays.

He asked but shelter from the sea
Within the ancient harbor bar,
And, of the forest, but a tree
To substitute for broken spar.
Unconsciously, of future state
He sowed the first and potent seed;
But, than the future, far more great
Appeared to him his present need.

Thus we on fame and gold intent,
Thus we who mighty things aspire,

May find extended continent
Between us and our heart's desire.
And, when within its harbor calm
We drop our rusted anchor chain,
We, too, will ask no boon but balm
To heal our wound and still our pain.

Oh, they who falter by the way
And never reach the other side,
Who never find the quiet bay
Where crippled ship of hope may ride,
May suffer much—yet suffer ne'er
Like those who reach the distant land
And find not jeweled cities fair
But silent forest, whitened sand.

And yet, perhaps the fates unkind
Have borne our bark to fairer shore
Than that fair land we hoped to find,
Have borne our bark to treasures more.
Our pain may render birth to love
That fills our souls with holier fire
Than that red glow that blazed above
The region of our heart's desire.

THE BIRTH OF HOPE.

Last night the path of life was drear
And dead leaves shivered in the breeze.
Last night the world was bleak and bleak,
And want and sorrow, pain and fear,
Lurked in the shadows of the trees.

Dead leaves, dead leaves of other days,
Touched by the frost of fate unkind,
Lay clustered deep in woodland ways
Or hurried over frozen bays,
Urged by an unrelenting wind.

But lo! the new year and the morn
Came with the passing of the night.
Another life and world were born—
The sable curtains, rent and torn,
Revealed a vista fair and bright.

The trees, new-leaved, are filled with bloom—
The buds of new and happy hours.
Gone are the midnight and the gloom,
And golden shafts of light illumine
Hope's fragrant pathway strewn with flowers.

SLEEP.

I slept last night as the wildwood's guest
In the shade of an ancient tree,
I sank to rest on the verdured crest
Of a hill beside the sea;
And the waves sang low to me:

Sleep by the waters of the ocean old,
Lulled by the song of the deep,
For maids give smiles and men give gold
But the good God gives you sleep,
Yes, the good God gives you sleep.

I slept last night in the woodland wild
In the shade of an ancient yew;
On the forest child the forest smiled
With the love the infant knew;
And it sang the long night through:

Sleep 'neath the branches of the forest tree
While the stars their watches keep;
The rover's home and the captive free
When the good God gives them sleep,
When the good God gives them sleep.

Long is the way that my feet must tread,
Weary and long the way,
The way is red where the feet have bled
That have walked in a bygone day;
But I hear the woodland say:

Sleep at the end of the tangled path,
Where your soul no more shall weep;
You sow but woe and you reap but wrath—
But the good God gives you sleep,
Yes, the good God gives you sleep.

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

Bells of the forest, ring all your changes!—
Give us your merriest, cheeriest chime;
Now through the woodland a monarch ranges,
The new-born prince of the House of Time.
Northern cedar and southern lime,
Yield of your perfume, your incense olden:
Wood nymphs, weave your harmonious rime!
Sunrise, light all your candles golden!

Bells of the forest, ring your cheer!
Hail to the monarch, the Glad New Year!

THE UPWARD TRAIL.

Out in the dark wood all alone,
My only candle light a star,
I git t' thinkin' of the things
Above the curtain blue an' far.
They say thet heaven is up there,
Thet there the great white angels sing;
I wonder if that misty cloud
Is not, perhaps, an angel's wing?
They say the gates are made of pearl,
They say the streets are paved with gold
And thet there ain't no night at all,
No winter wind, no rain er cold.

Sometimes I think I'd like to go
A-lookin' through that land so fair;
I wonder if they ever let
A timber cruiser in up there?
I guess a mackinaw won't do
Alongside of them angel suits;
Suppose a man'd dare to walk
On golden streets in cowhide boots?
The songs the shanty fellahs sing
On Sunday nights, when pipes are low,
Won't do up there at all, an' them's
The only kind of songs I know.

But I have heard some preacher tell,
Who'd seen it in a big black book,
That once there was a Cruiser who
From earth to heaven made a look.
This Cruiser, so the preacher said,
Was estimatin' for us all—

For timber cruisers jest as much
As some rich fellah in St. Paul.
"Believe in God, believe in men, be square,"
This preacher used to say,
"An' you will find the trail—for One
Has gone ahead an' blazed the way."

AUTUMN.

The time is coming when the leaves
Shall put away their garb of green
And don the strange, fantastic weaves
That color all the autumn scene.

The crimson gleam and glow of gold,
The regal tints of ancient Tyre,
The form of summer shall enfold
And set the woodland ways afire.

And where the winter's snow shall lie,
And where the wind shall whistle shrill,
The vale shall burn with autumn's dye,
And autumn's splendor light the hill.

The summer laughs at winter's breath
That comes to lure her soul to rest,
And summer hurries forth to death
In all her gayest garments dressed.

When Death shall come to me, I pray
Ye garb me in my gayest gown—
And I will meet him blithe and gay,
And I will laugh away his frown.

FAMILY TREES.

You boast about your ancient line,
But listen, stranger, unto mine:

You trace your lineage afar,
Back to the heroes of a war
Fought that a country might be free;
Yea, farther—to a stormy sea
Where winter's angry billows tossed,
O'er which your Pilgrim Fathers crossed.
Nay, more—through yellow, dusty tomes
You trace your name to English homes
Before the distant, unknown West
Lay open to a world's behest;
Yea, back to days of those Crusades
When Turk and Christian crossed their blades.
You point with pride to ancient names,
To powdered sires and painted dames;
You boast of this—your family tree;
Now listen, stranger, unto me:

When armored knights and gallant squires,
Your own beloved, honored sires,
Were in their infants' blankets rolled,
My fathers' youngest sons were old;
When they broke forth in infant tears
My fathers' heads were crowned with years.
Yea, ere the mighty Saxon host
Of which you sing had touched the coast,
My fathers, with time-furrowed brow,
Looked back as far as you look now.
Yea, when the Druids trod the wood,
My venerable fathers stood

And gazed through misty centuries
As far as even Memory sees.
When Britain's eldest first beheld
The light, my fathers then were eld.
You of the splendid ancestry,
Who boast about your family tree,

Consider, stranger, this of mine—
Bethink the lineage of a Pine.

THE FOREST MORN.

I sometimes think that thus was born the world—
Not like a blinding sun from chaos hurled
To blaze and burn for ages—that it woke
As wakes the forest, wakes the verdant oak,
Breathing soft breezes, wreathed in lacy mist
Through which there burst the gleam of amethyst.

The forest morn! Across the night profound
Steals now the music of harmonious sound—
The bird's faint twitter, sleepy, sleepy still,
The bird's first carol, sweet, all sweet and shrill;
And down through branches, poured in generous streams,
Come tints of dawn, the colors of our dreams.

ONE.

A thousand trees of different leaf,
A thousand plants of different bloom,
The pathway shade, the earth illumine—
Yet bow they all to one great chief.

The modest lily, saintly one,
The vivid orchid, gorgeous rose—
Each tree that breathes, each flower grows,
Turns daily to a common sun.

Around me rise perplexing creeds,
As varied as the forest trees;
And each declares with bended knees
This is the dogma for my needs.

To stray, they tell me, means the rod;
Yet, as the forest greets the sun,
I find them prostrate every one—
All kneeling to the selfsame God.

POET AND PLUTOCRAT.

I ask not pity for myself—
Because I only starve and sing—
But rather for the slave of pelf
Who worships but a single thing.
For mine's a soul that lives awing,
And his a soul enchained to earth,
And I from naught may laughter bring
While he, poor man, must buy his mirth.
His purchased joy has little worth,
His purchased pleasures pale and die;
But slow their death as quick their birth,
The joys that come to such as I.

The fleecy castles in the sky,
The velvet grasses at my feet—
The love of these he cannot buy
Nor live without it life complete.
The souls within men make them sweet,
The hearts within men are the gold
That alchemizes humble street
And warms with sunlight rivers cold.
The mountain fair, the forest old—
Before he came these things were here;
And, from them, treasures I unfold
That all his wealth may not bring near.

O heart of mine, make me hold dear
These vague, sweet pleasures freely mine,
And let no earthly wealth appear
Of equal value, heart, with thine.
Wouldst take all women for the nine
Who sit with thee and play the strings?

Wouldst trade for vintage old the wine
That comes to thee on zephyr's wings?
Wouldst choose the toilsome sculpturings
Of human hands o'er Nature's art?
Or for the song the siren sings
Forget thine own sweet song, my heart?

Unknown am I in busy mart
And in the gilded place unknown,
Yet field and forest wealth impart
That makes my humble seat a throne;
And, seated on life's wayside stone,
I value most the thing that seems—
For I have found, in journeys lone,
Our greatest treasures are our dreams.
Thus ever on my pathway beams
A star of hope to cheer me on;
And ever in my heart there gleams
The promise of a coming dawn.

A SONG FOR THE SATIATED.

When sick of Arabia's spices,
When weary of musk-laden room,
When senses themselves grow insensate
And sweetness monotonous gloom;
When weary of orient incense,
Of odors distilled on the Rhine—
Get back to the scent of the forest
And breathe you the breath of the pine.

When sick of the acids and spirits,
When weary of tinctures and oils,
When appetite, whetted by drugging,
Enfolds you in serpentine coils;
When Death and his army of bottles
Stand marshalled before you in line—
Escape to the sheltering forest
And breathe you the breath of the pine.

When tired of the air of the city
Deep-laden with grime and disease,
Sense-weary, mind-weary, heart-weary—
Get back to the musical trees.
No incense like that of the balsam,
No earth-spot so near the divine—
Come rest on the bosom of Nature
And breathe you the breath of the pine.

EDELWEISS.

I climb the mountain gray with rock,
I climb the mountain white with snow,
Where gaunt, courageous pine trees mock
The verdure of the vale below.
I pass above the fringe of pine,
I walk amid eternal ice;
And, far above the timber line,
I find the dainty Edelweiss.

O daughter of the heights of cold,
You teach me courage with your own
As steadfast as the mountain old,
Unchanging as unchanging stone.
Teach me to live a life as sweet,
My soul to bloom through snow and ice,
That I life's traveler may greet
With cheer like yours, dear Edelweiss.

THE OAK OF MAC GREGOR.

When the men of MacGregor first breasted the shield
They looked for an emblem in loch and in field;
But the bloom in the meadow will wither and die
And the hot breath of summer the fountain will dry.

Then they looked to the wood
Where the forest king stood;
Beheld they the oak, and they said, "It is good."

The oak of MacGregor they wore on their breasts—
'Twas a wall to their foes and a roof to their guests.
The oak of MacGregor they crossed with the sword,
With the sword and the oak they established their word;
And, proud of the blood
Of King Alpin the good,
On the point of the weapon his diadem stood.

MacGregor of Glenstrae at Loch Lomond bore
The oak of MacGregor in red ranks of war.
There the men of Colquhoun and the Grahams so bold
Fell as thick as its leaves at the touch of the cold.
For the royal old oak
No foeman e'er broke
To shape for the house of MacGregor a yoke.

The oak of MacGregor has stood through the years,
Often baptized with blood, often nurtured with tears;
O'er the men of MacGregor its mantle it flings—
They were true to themselves and their God and their kings.
They may wander the sands
Of the faraway lands,
But the oak of MacGregor in splendor yet stands.

HERE WILL BE THE END OF MY VOYAGE.

May 16, 1675, Pere Marquette entered the mouth of a small river on the western shore of Lake Michigan, known on the old maps as "Riviere du P. Marquette." He erected an altar for the purpose of saying mass and asked to be left alone for half an hour. When his companions returned they found him dead. While landing, the good man had said to them, "Here will be the end of my voyage."

O Father, when, like thee, I reach
The final land, my journey o'er,
When grates my boat upon the beach,
The life eternal's earthly shore;

O Father, when the hour shall come
That I may quit this fragile bark
And enter that celestial home
I see but dimly in the dark—

May I, like thee, my vessel moor
In some sequestered harbor still
Where all is fair and all is pure
And pine trees whisper on the hill.

Yea, I would have my journey end
In some undesecrated place
Where overhanging cedars bend
To shield the lily's virgin face.

For I would sleep 'mid Nature's calm
In some cathedral in the wood
Where every echo is a psalm
That singeth, singeth "God is good."

And when, like thine, my bark is sent
To other lands without me, friend,
May I, like thee, lie down content
And whisper, "Here will be the end."

THE DRUIDS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Yea, I have heard their solemn chants,
 Their old, unwritten ritual,
Beheld the robed inhabitants
 Of altared hill and cloistered dell.
They gather in the oaken grove
 When midnight bells have rung their chime,
And through their changing circles move—
 The Druids of the olden time.

Through marshaled oaks their steps they weave;
 Their paths are bright with vervain bloom;
And, ever as they pass, they leave
 The scent of hyssop in the gloom.
Their hassocks are the springing sods;
 They speak their faith by rote and rime;
They sing the praise of Nature's gods—
 The Druids of the olden time.

These shapes are ghosts of men that were,
 Their old religion, like them, dead.
They thought their pagan faith was sure,
 Yet other gods men love instead.
Our faith, at most, is but a dream
 But, if mistaken, still sublime—
And that sweet virtue shall redeem
 The Druids of the olden time.

THE LOVE OF A BOTANIST.

I long for the land of the *pinus palustris*
Where the *liriodendron* is bursting to bloom,
Where *taxodium distichum* faithful, industr'ous,
Is waving in sadness o'er Clementine's tomb.

'Twas under the spreading *hickoria pecan*
We pledged our fond love by the light of the stars;
"If any be faithful," we whispered, "then we can,"
While leaning at eve o'er the *fraxinus* bars.

A flower from the sweet *asimina triloba*
She pinned on my coat as I bade her farewell;
But her love grew as cold as the far Manitoba
And my hopes like the frost-bitten autumn leaves fell.

They planted *catalpa*, the fair *speciosa*,
They planted the bush and the tree and the vine,
They planted a sprig of *robinia viscosa*
And, underneath these, planted poor Clementine.

THE MAGIC OF THE MOON.

Sometimes I doubt ; sometimes, when heartstrings ache,
I look in vain through all the world for cheer ;
The sun's last rays the westward sky forsake,
And, east or west, the road is dark and drear.

Alone I wander in the starless night ;
The clouds of hate and wrong enwrap my soul ;
And I am weary of the endless fight
And I would seek no more to find the goal.

For what is life, that man should break his heart
By living it? And what, yea what, is death?
What holds the world, that we should dread to part
From bread begrudged, from pain and labored breath?

Then o'er the wood there mounts a perfect orb,
A stately queen, the mistress of the night ;
And her bright rays the skulking shades absorb
And bathe the hidden way in floods of light.

The river chill with heaven's glow is warmed
And, far ahead, a beacon beckons on ;
Across a land new-featured and transformed
A path of silver leads to brighter dawn.

The way of peace is opened unto me
And, on my brow, I feel a tender kiss.
'Tis not the stern, gray world it seems to be—
It is the fairy world it really is.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE FOREST.

I love the man who loves the wood,
Whate'er his creed, whate'er his blood.
I may not know his native land;
His creed I may not understand;
But, when we meet within the wood,
There each is silent—understood.

We worship then at selfsame shrine;
We see the same celestial shine
On lustrous leaf, on petaled flower;
We feel the selfsame grace and power;
Yea, kneeling on the selfsame sod,
We worship both the selfsame God.

I give who loves the wood my hands,
For here is one who understands;
Who loves the wood I give my heart,
For there responsive echoes start;
We meet in this sweet brotherhood—
We meet as brothers of the wood.

SPRING.

You fellahs in the city think you know when spring is here—
You talk about the “ozone” an’ the “balmy atmosphere”;
The smoke of busy chimneys takes a diff’rent kind of hue,
An’ sometimes you imagine thet the sky is really blue;
The florist sets his posies out upon the sidewalk now;
You kin hear a tugboat chuggin’ up the river with a scow;
You feel a fresh ambition in your race fer worldly goods—
But there ain’t no spring whatever, though, exceptin’ in the
woods.

In the woods the buds are bustin’, in the woods the grass is
green;
There ain’t no iron railin’s there, your feet an’ grass between;
In the woods a bird is singin’—spillin’ joy to beat the cars—
An’ he ain’t no sick canary cheepin’ mournful through the
bars.

In the woods the sun is shinin’, siftin’ softly through the
trees;
In the woods the sweetest perfume travels on the mornin’
breeze;
In the woods the flowers are peepin’ from their little velvet
hoods—
Oh, there ain’t no spring whatever like the springtime in the
woods!

You kin have your city springtime, when the band begins to
play
An’ the parks is gittin’ greener while your hair is gittin’
gray;
You kin have your city springtime, with its mud an’ soot an’
noise,
Fer up here on the river spring is here with all its joys.



"Siftin' softly through the trees."



Fer there ain't no bands make music like the robin's throaty
trill;

There ain't no park has grasses like the grasses on the hill.

The party in the city has more gold, perhaps, an' goods—

But the world belongs, in springtime, to the fellah in the
woods.

THE ACCESSORY.

She went to church in holy zeal,
With a dead bird on her hat.
She paused, while on the steps, to kneel,
With a dead bird on her hat.
The parson preached, "Thou shalt not kill,"
And God she thanked, with conscious thrill
That she, good soul, had done no ill—
With a dead bird on her hat.

She loved to hear the birdlings sing,
With a dead bird on her hat.
She loved to watch them free awing,
With a dead bird on her hat.
She thought how sad the world would be
If ne'er their plumage we might see
Or hear their warblings in the tree—
With a dead bird on her hat.

She held her home the dearest, best,
With a dead bird on her hat.
She called her little home her "nest,"
With a dead bird on her hat.
Her brood she circled with her arm
To keep each happy child from harm,
To still her own strange, vague alarm—
With a dead bird on her hat.

She could not bear death's form to see,
With a dead bird on her hat.
She could not look on cruelty,
With a dead bird on her hat.
She wept at others' sufferings,
She gave her life to holy things,
And wore the "loveliest of wings—"
A dead bird on her hat.

THE LUMBER CAMP CAT.

O lumber camp cat, I envy your lot—how happy, how happy
your fate!
For you, from the midst of this civilized rot, have gone back
to your natural state.
No bootjacks for you now go speeding through air, you
may love in your passionate way;
With a bosom unruffled by worry or care you may warble
your beautiful lay.
No boys now pursue you, O fortunate cat, no dogs chase
you up street and down;
When you bask in the sun now no woman cries "Scat!" as
women once did in the town.
No more you dodge autos and bikes in the street, as cats in
the city must do—
For you travel through ways that are shady and sweet,
under skies that are sunny and blue.
No infantile darling now tugs at your tail, while mother the
picture enjoys;
You are out of the city, that merciless jail, away from the
soot and the noise.
O lumber camp cat, I envy your lot, a living so joyous and
good;
I wish I might ditch all this civilized rot and join you up
there in the wood.
We would wander by day through the grove and the plain,
we would sleep on a pillow of pine;
We would roll in the sun, we would bathe in the rain, we
would live out-of-doors, pussy mine.
Out-of-doors! Out-of-doors! As the nightwind came down
we would sip from a chalice of dew,
If, instead of a man close imprisoned in town, I were only
a kitten like you.

THE LOVER AND THE HUNTER.

A man to woman fondly swore
By stars, by moon, by God Himself,
He held her dearer, loved her more,
Than soul or life or place or pelf.
He pledged their troth by all above
In sentences the tenderest—
Yet, when he came to see his love,
He wore a dagger in his breast.

He told her how he loved—declared
His faith would evermore endure;
He loved the field o'er which she fared
Because her feet had made it pure.
There came a time when serpent hissed
And to his heart a doubting crept;
Her arms he twined, her lips he kissed—
And then he killed her while she slept.

Another was who Nature loved,
Who swore as freely by his God;
He loved the leaves where shadows moved,
He loved the flowers and the sod.
He called the great Creator good
Who gave to man the forest land—
Yet, when he wandered to the wood,
Death's instrument was in his hand.

He Nature loved—he loved the trees
In which the birds sang roundelays,
He loved to breathe the morning breeze
Where gentle deer trod woodland ways.
He Nature loved—yet came he armed
With old, man-made tradition still;
He wandered to the region charmed
To worship Nature—and to kill.

FOREST, GIVE ME OF THY GREEN.

O forest, give me of thy green;
O morning, give me of thy dew;
O lily, give me of thy sheen;
O heaven, give me of thy blue,
The turquoise of the summertime;
O wild rose, give me of thy hue—
And I will weave them into rime.

And some poor soul enslaved by wrong,
Yea, some poor soul these sweets denied,
Mayhap shall hear my humble song,
Afar from brook and mountainside,
Mayhap shall hear it and shall see
Beyond the walls of pain and pride
These things that ye reveal to me.

THE FOREST ON THE SHORE.

O chosen land of liberty,
I love, of all, the most
The splendor of thy forest tree
That waves to him across the sea
A welcome to thy coast.

Its spreading branches typify
The nation's open arms,
Where heavy-laden soul may lie
And know that no oppressor's cry
Shall wake it to alarms.

Its leaves a-tremble sing the song
A mother croons at eve;
They sing triumphant over wrong,
They cheer the lagging feet along
And soothe the hearts that grieve.

For this thy emblem, land of mine,
The forest on the shore—
Thy singing spruce and giant pine
And all that grand and regal line
That lives forevermore.

And he who comes from overseas
Shall hear its minstrelsy,
Shall hear upon the evening breeze
That rustles through the leafy trees
The music of the free.

And he shall feel the holy calm
These altared shores invoke,
Behold, 'mid tones of freedom's psalm
A land as peaceful as the palm,
Enduring as the oak.

THE SPORTSMAN.

Above all creatures man was blessed
With understanding by the God
Who out of chaos and unrest
Brought forth the earth an Adam trod.
The greater strength God gave the brute,
The greater speed to thing afield,
Yet gave the less the attribute
That made the strong to weaker yield.

God gave this weapon for defense,
God gave to man the greater brain;
Yet who shall say by God's intents
The one shall perish, one remain?
Did God make men that they might kill?
Did God make brutes that they might die?
Did God surrender thus His will
And give His sword to such as I?

I cannot think the God who gives
The breath to any living thing,
To any beast in forest lives,
To any bird that soars awing—
Gives living things to men for play
To feed men's savage instincts still,
Gives living things to men to slay
Because they hold it sweet to kill.

No man has shed a creature's blood
And been the better for the deed;
No God omnipotent and good
Esteems to kill a human need.
Claim no commission from your God
To kill for sport or slay for pelf;
And, when with blood you bathe the sod,
Hold none responsible but self.

SHADOW AND SUN.

The old man's house from the street sets back, down there in
his sawmill town.
His settin'-room's big as this whole darn shack, an' the stone
on the front is brown.
There's a roof on that mansion of his so proud, the roof on
mine is the sky;
He watches shadows—I watch the cloud, the white cloud
driftin' by.
He watches shadows creep up the wall, he grasps for shadowy
things;
I watch the sunlight higher crawl an' hear each bird that
sings.
He watches shadows thet toward him run with fingers long
an' chill;
But the rocks are warm with the morning sun, an' the grass
is green on the hill.
Oh, I've the sun an' the sky so clear an' the night wind an'
the star;
An' I am done with the things that were, content with the
things thet are.

THE GALLANT OAK.

When once the New Year came to earth,
To claim his realm by right of birth,
A forest knight, the gallant oak,
Upon the pathway threw his cloak.
The garment green, now turned to brown,
Upon the bare earth fluttered down
And o'er the velvet to his throne
The New Year walked unto his own.

Then gave the New Year a decree
To every bush and forest tree
That every growing, blooming thing
Should hail the mighty oak as king.
Yea, more, he made the king of trees
A ruler of the running seas,
In ships to bear from shore to shore
The earth's discovered treasures o'er.

Then called he Springtime to his side,
Old Winter's pink-limbed, blushing bride,
And bade her weave a regal cloak
To cover new the gallant oak.
And so she wove a gown of green,
The richest earth had ever seen,
And garbed anew the mighty tree
With emblem of his majesty.

THE GARB OF GLORY.

They wore the gray in the old, old day,
And blue was the garb of these;
They felt the press in the Wilderness
When thunders shook the trees.
They felt the press in the Wilderness
When the ramparts burst to flame,
They gave their years and their women's tears,
With never a thought of fame.
Now gun is still and sword in sheath
And we weave for both the laurel wreath.

They wore the gray in the ended fray,
And blue was the garb of these;
But the sons of gray wear the blue today
And the wood sings harmonies.
The sons are they of the men in gray
But blue are their mother's eyes,
And the skies of gray are blue alway
With the blue of southern skies.
On the brows of the men in blue appears
The silver gray of the vanished years.

THE FAIR ONE.

One came from the land of Sahara
With orient colors ablaze;
She was fair with the beauty of Sarah,
The Sarah of Abraham's days.
The sands of the desert as yellow
The trinket she wore on her breast,
The fruit of old Egypt as mellow
The lips that the sunshine caressed.
Her eyes were twin fountains of splendor,
Two wells that the starlight revealed,
Now melting, appealing and tender,
Now bright with a love unconcealed.
The sun and the zephyr had brought her
The hue of the Levantine clime.
Fair, fair, was the Orient's daughter,
A dream of an Abraham's time.

A child of the forest the other,
A daughter of cedar and pine,
The bird of the forest her brother,
The sister of lily and vine.
Black as ravens her glorious tresses,
Dark her eyes as a midnight of storm,
But the glow that the sunset possesses
Made her temples the heavens as warm.
Red her lips as the red of the berry
When the leaves of the summer are gone,
Soft her voice as the song of a fairy,
Light her step as the step of a fawn.
The sunshine, the zephyr, that kissed her
Had crowned her the Occident's queen—
Fair, fair, as her Orient sister,
The child of the forest of green.

Yet each wore the heart of a woman
And each knew the love of a man;
Thus each did some pathway illumine,
Played her part in a God-given plan.
Who shall say that the lily is fairest,
More fair than the orchid or rose,
If each to some bosom is dearest,
If each in some solitude glows?
For this is the measure of beauty—
'Tis beauty that loves and that serves;
For this is the measure of duty—
That duty nor alters nor swerves.
Yea, gold is all gold the world over,
In forest or desert possessed,
And a heart that is true, to the lover
Is ever the fairest and best.

IMMORTALITY.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again.—*Job 14:7.*

There is no end of life. The tree that falls
Beneath the ax, or shattered by the storm,
Gives up but that which was its show of strength;
Its wealth of blossoms and its breathing leaves,
The trunk that marked the progress of its years,
These only die. The life sap still is there,
Still there the soil, still there the bending sky,
Still there the sun that warmed its crown of green,
Still there the springs that fed its hidden roots.
So, from its shattered form, new life shall come,
New leaves put forth, new blossoms deck the glen,
And where it was the tree again shall be.

There is no end of life. The man who falls
But dies as dies the trunk of fallen tree,
To live again in richer garb and hue.
For, in the tree, life's essence still is there,
And, in the man, the soul may never die—
It does but drop the thing that once it was,
Its earthly form. Its life it still retains
And, mounting upward, lifts its golden bloom
Where, in its earthly shape, it might not reach.
Yea, mounting upward, casts its petaled shower
Upon the footsteps of the mighty throne
That gave it life.

Trees fall, men die, worlds change,
But life lives on and on.

For to the soul
There comes no death, there is no end of life.

WHO UNDERSTANDS.

O there is this, unhappy heart,
That makes thee like the solemn wood
Where many pass: How seldom art
Thou understood.

Yet cometh one who seems to feel
What heart and forest feel in tune,
Who loves with heart and wood to kneel
And there commune.

The heart will give him of its sigh,
The wood will clasp him with its hands;
For, see! A stranger draweth nigh
Who understands.

THE CAMP

THE LUMBERJACK.

An untamed creature of the forest wilds,
He lives to that wild place a soul akin—
A man whose days are often steeped in sin,
And yet whose heart is tender as a child's.

His strength is like the strength of mighty pines,
His outward form a bark of many scars;
His head he carries proudly in the stars,
The while his feet are meshed in tangled vines.

Calamities throw viselike tendrils out
To seize him in their hindering embrace;
The thorns of wrong whip sharply in his face
And poisoned things encompass him about.

He braves disease, the storm, the falling tree,
The mad, quick water that would hold and drown;
But all earth's terrors cannot bear him down
Or make this man of dangers bend the knee.

He breathes the air the sturdy maple breathes,
He walks the soil the selfsame maple feeds;
To forest sources looks he for his needs—
Oh, where are trees and men like unto these?

WHEN PATTI SANG AT 36.

We hadn't seen no petticoat in more'n ninety days,
We hadn't seen no lady in a year;
There wasn't no gazabo but whose eyes was sore to gaze
Jest once ag'in upon some pretty dear.
When he's up there in the timber, then a fellah sorter dreams
Of women's smiles an' women's lips an' eyes;
When you're fur enough *away* from her, then woman sorter
seems
To be a kind of angel in disguise.

We was camped, as you remember, up on Section 28,
Where Thompson's strip of timber grewed so thick,
An' was tearin' up the forest at a most amazin' rate,
For the Feb'uary thaws was comin' quick.
We went to work by moonlight an' we worked all day like
dogs,
Fer the boss had said he'd do the proper thing
By ev'ry man among us if six million feet of logs
Was gethered on the rollways in the spring.

There wudn't been no trouble if the team thet brought
supplies
Hadn't brought along a notice with the load,
Containin' an announcement of a sort of a su'prise
To happen in a camp jest down the road.
It seems a troupe of actors thet was passing by that way
(These fellahs thet perform all kinds of tricks)
Was hesitatin' in our midst jest long enough to play
An engagement of one night at 36.

One statement on the handbill hit us hard an' hit us strong,
One name alone stood out above the rest;



"We went to work by moonlight."



It said thet Mrs. Patti, the accomplished queen of song,
Wud heave a few selections from her chest.
Six million feet or nothin', do you think we cud resist
The chance to see a woman such as that?
We didn't tell the boss, but we determined to assist
In greetin' Mrs. Patti with eclat.

We rummaged through our duffle fer the proper clothes to
wear

To make the right impression on the queen;
Mike Flannigan got reckless, changed his socks an' combed
his hair—

Such fixin's up that camp had never seen.
There wasn't not a swamper ner a teamster in the crew
But longed with Patti great to make a hit,
There wasn't not a fellah in the whole darned camp but knew
He could win the dame if he spruced up a bit.

We knocked off work at 5 o'clock that night instid of 8,
In spite of how the boss got up an' swore;
We wuldn't take no chances, any man, of bein' late,
An' we had to tramp a good twelve miles er more.
We landed at the bunkhouse down on Section 36
Jest when the blanket curtain wafted up;
An' ev'ry man was handsome, even Ole an' the Micks,
An' glad he didn't stop behind to sup.

An' then the show was started. A fellah made a speech,
Another actor played a tambourine;
But we was all a-stretchin' necks as fur as they wud reach,
A-waitin' fer the comin' of the queen.
At last a dude stepped up in front an' said he'd introduce
A feature thet in cities was the rage;
He said, with our permission, he intended to turn loose
"The female impersonator of the age."

He said that Mr. Somethin'ton would now impersonate
One Adelina Patti, as announced;
And us poor devils thet had tramped twelve miles from 28,
At them remarks of his, we fairly bounced.
An' then the "male soprano," the "impersonator" cuss,
Got up an' started singin'—er he tried;
But they couldn't ring that kind of Mrs. Patti in on us—
The "permission" they requested we denied.

Them people down at 36 they thought the show was good;
They wanted us to let the singer be;
They tried to tell us fellahs thet we hadn't understood—
An' that's, I guess, what caused the jamboree.
We put the show troupe in the snow, the bunkhouse on the
bum,
We drank up all the forty-rod in sight;
An' some of us got home next day—yes, some of us—an'
some
Come trailin' in along on Tuesday night.

An' right on top of all of this there come a sudden thaw,
The roads give out, the logs stayed on the skids;
Then Thompson he come up himself an' read to us the law
An' made us all feel like a bunch o' kids.
We didn't cut six million feet, we got no extra pay,
We never work fer Thompson any more;
But if that "impersonator" ever happens up your way—
Well, he's the cuss thet I'm a-lookin' for.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Woods work isn't any snap—guess I needn't tell you *that*—
We ain't up here fer our health, or no pleasure jaunt er bat;
Up before the sun is up, in the timber with the morn—
Woods work isn't any snap—that's as sure as you are born.
But there ain't no job on earth thet's a snap, if we could
know;

Other jobs look like a cinch just because we think they're so.
I ain't no complainin' cuss, camp-inspectin', lazy loon;
I git grub an' I git sleep—an' there's Sunday afternoon.

Sunday afternoon in camp—that's the joyful time fer me;
Quite as good as well-earnt rest nothing else in life kin be.
Dinner underneath your belt, sun a-shinin' from the west—
That's the time to stretch yourself an' just set an' rest an'
rest.

An', while you're a-settin' there, how the sunshine warms
you through—

Drives the winter from your bones, drives away your thoughts
o' blue.

Some folks talk about the stars, some folks sing about the
moon;

Give to me the westward sun on a Sunday afternoon.

On a Sunday afternoon time don't count fer very much;
You jest set there dreamin' things, dreamin' things to beat
the Dutch.

Seems there ain't no world but this—just the snow an' sky
an' sun—

Seems the lumber camp's your world, an' there ain't no other
one.

You fergit thet there's a town, plumb fergit all care an'
strife,

An' you draw long breaths of air an' you say "Well, this is life!"

Ev'ry rustle of the pines, ev'ry whisper, seems in tune,
An' your little world is bright on a Sunday afternoon.

On a Sunday afternoon you kin set outside an' read
How the fellahs in the world down the river way "succeed,"
How they grapple throat an' throat, how they fight the fight
fer bread—

Mighty poor in happiness, but they're "worth a million" dead.
Those poor devils think they're rich, people call 'em wealthy
men;

But they'd give their hoarded wealth just to live life o'er
again.

In December days they long for the sunny days of June,
For they never know the peace of a Sunday afternoon.

On a Sunday afternoon then the paper thet you hold,
While you read an' think an' dream, like as not is two weeks
old.

You are rusty on your dates, calendars you never see;
An' you measure spring an' fall by the sap thet's in the tree.
Almanacs an' calendars are the handiwork of men,
But the men who made the things cannot turn 'em back
again.

I don't know who named the month, called it March or called
it June;

But one thing I know fer sure—God made Sunday afternoon.

UP IN THE WOODS.

They're cuttin' of a tote road through the hemlock on the
hill,

I kin hear their axes ringin' in my dreams;
An' I'm gittin' kind o' weary of the work around the mill
An' I'm gittin' kind o' nervous an' it's hard a-settin' still,
Fer I think I hear the pawin' of the teams.
Boss was into town last night a-layin' in of beans,
Of pork an' prunes an' other kinds o' goods;
An' there's somethin' down inside me that's a-tellin' what
it means,
An' darned if I ain't wishing now fer other sights an' scenes,
A-longin' to git back up in the woods.

Now, why a man should want to go up in the woods at all
Is somethin' I can't seem to understand.
I can't see nothin' pleasant in the ordinary haul,
An' yet I'm kind o' restless when the leaves begin to fall
An' spread their fancy carpet on the land.
There's surely other methods with a heap sight more o' fun
Fer men like me to earn their livelihoods;
They roll you out at four o'clock beneath the jobber's sun,
An' the stars are all a-shinin' when the day's hard work is
done—
An' yet I want to git up in the woods.

THE OLD ACCORDION.

We hadn't no great pipe organ, ner any piano grand;
We heard no fancy music that we cudn't understand.
There wasn't no Wagner business er Mister Meddlesome;
Yet we never lacked fer music—as was music, too, by gum!
We hadn't no grand piano up there at old Camp Ten,
Yet we never lacked fer music that was good enough fer men.
We hadn't no Paderewski er long-haired son-of-a-gun,
But jest a Swede from Oshkosh an' his old accordion.

The nights when things was chilly, say twenty er so below,
We wud gether around about him as he set in the firelight
glow.

He didn't play nothin' fancy, no high an' mighty air,
But he made us laugh with "Bill Bailey" an' cry with "The
Maiden's Prayer."

And then we wud shut our eyelids an' miles an' miles we'd
roam

While that instrument sobbed the music, the song of "Home,
Sweet Home."

It made us all feel more solemn than a sermon wud have
done,

Though 't was only a Swede from Oshkosh an' his old ac-
cordion.

Sometimes we wud move the benches an' clear the shanty
floor

And then wud come stag dancin' fer a good long hour er
more.

We wore no dancin' slippers, we wore no broadcloth suits—
The shirts that we wore was flannel, an' we danced in cow-
hide boots.

There wasn't no orchestra playin', but we had jest twice the fun,

Fer we had that Swede from Oshkosh an' his old accordion.

The camp up there on the river is dead an' lone an' chill;

The shanty floor creaks no longer, the place an' the night are still.

The boys that we knew are scattered, are scattered fur an' wide—

The foreman is out in Seattle, the Swede, they say, has died.

We sleep on beds of linen, we eat at a real hotel—

But sometimes I git a-thinkin' an' I have a homesick spell.

An' darned if I ain't a-longin' to be back there, jest fer fun,

An' t' hear that Swede from Oshkosh an' his old accordion.

THE DESERTED CAMP.

In the forest torn and shattered,
Where the ax has come and gone,
Where the years flow on and on,
Silent eve and silent dawn,
Where the fallen chips are scattered,

Stands a lonely habitation—
Buried now by winter snows
When the raging northwind blows,
Mounted now by crimson rose
Feeling summer's each pulsation;

But it hears no whisper human—
Only creaking of the frost,
Sob of pine tree tempest tossed;
For its threshold old is crossed
Nevermore by man or woman.

Yet, when midnight bells are ringing
In the city by the sea,
Then a vision comes to me
And I hear rise merrily
Sturdy tones of manly singing.

Oldtime forms I see returning
To the cabin on the hill,
To the region white and still;
On the battered windowsill
Once again the light is burning.

There is Louie—he who perished
When the forest monarch fell,

Connors—he who heard his knell
In the woodland's blazing hell,
There is Mary—whom I cherished.

God, I thank thee for the dreaming
Though but dreaming it may be,
I give thanks for memory,
I give thanks that I may see
These that were—that now are seeming.

Time shall claim the falling rafter,
And the elements' rude will
Alter river, plain and hill;
But forever, ever still
I shall hear their song and laughter.

For the camp beside the river
Is rebuild'd in my heart
Where these midnight visions start;
From it none shall e'er depart,
There its people dwell forever.

THE UNCONSCIOUS PHILOSOPHER.

I ain't no philosopher, like some people say I am.
Philosophy won't fall a tree, an' it never broke a jam.
I ain't figured out no law fer to run the universe;
I take things jest as they be, be they better, be they worse.
Livin' up here in the woods with the sky an' sun an' trees
Won't make any fellah wise, make him any Socrates.
Be they better, be they worse, I take things jest as they be,
An' I try to be content—thet there's *my* philosophy.

If a tree shud crooked grow, grunts 'll never straighten it.
If an ax ain't hung just right, words 'll never make it fit.
If it snows when it shud rain, if it rains when it shud
snow,
Prayers or cussin's never changed any weather thet I know.
We kin only hope fer snow jest to keep the roads alive,
We kin only hope fer rain when we're ready fer the drive.
When the road is gittin' bare an' old mother earth you see,
Then a shovel beats a prayer—thet there's *my* philosophy.

Other folks has worldly goods, I'm as poor as Dago's monk;
But I git my thirty bones, git my grub an' git a bunk.
Other folks ride grunt-machines; when *I* travel *I* must walk;
But you can't wish money in, no one gives you coin fer talk.
I don't cuss because I'm broke, I don't holler at the rich.
Some is rich an' some is poor; what's it matter which is
which?

I'm a reg'lar millionaire, I'm as rich as any be,
If I'm only satisfied—thet there's *my* philosophy.

Some folks long fer fame an' such, long to mingle with the
great,

Long to hold some fancy job while the public pays the freight.
I don't long to be no king, long to be no senator.
When the mighty sit to dine, I ain't hangin' round the door.
I ain't tryin' much to teach, I ain't tryin' much to learn;
I jest try to do what's right—then I never give a dern.
Be they better, be they worse, I take things jest as they be,
An' I try to be content—thet there's *my* philosophy.

MARY'S MISSION FURNITURE.

Y' see, 't was this way: Mary wrote
Thet she had learned to fairly dote
On mission furnicher. She said
She'd like to have some chairs, a bed,
A table an' a sideboard, too,
An' other kinds of things a few.
She said the stuff was all the rage—
Thet Mrs. Smith an' Mrs. Gage
Had bought a lot of mission stuff.
A woman thinks it cause enough
To buy new fixin's such as those
If so it happens thet she knows
Some other woman in the town
Has got that kind of stuff aroun'.

So Mary lit her evenin' lamp
An' wrote some lines to me in camp
A-tellin' me she wanted bad
Some furnicher like others had.
She said our stuff was out of date,
But mission stuff was somethin' late.
I thought about the walnut bed
Where my old father knelt an' said
His pray'rs. I felt I'd like to keep
The couch where Father fell asleep
To wake no more—where Mother dear
Kept lonely watch, year after year,
Until that pray'r of his come true
And they on high was mated new.
There's not a table er a chair
But some old memory will share,

Some tale of boyhood will relate—
But now it's old an' out of date.

An' so I wrote the company
To give a check to her, so she
Could buy the mission furnicher.
I'd rather be a-pleasin' her
Than keepin' any memory green
Of days thet was er might have been.

An' then next week I got a note.
"My dearest, darlin' Dad," she wrote,
"I guess I've changed the old place some!—
Why, you won't know it when you come!
I've fired that awful walnut bed;
The center table's in the shed.
Our home's so nice 'twill make you smile—
I've got it furnished mission style."

The last log on the bankin' groun',
We rode the front bobs into town,
An' I was all excitement then
To see the little house again,
With Mary standin' in the door
As stood her mother years before.

'Twas in the mornin' we drove in.
The river ice was black an' thin;
The sky of gray had turned to blue;
The air was soft, so soft we knew
That spring was waitin' fer the word
To wake the flow'r an' call the bird.
But nothin' sweet that picture had
As Mary waitin' fer her dad.

First thing of all I said to her,
"Now, where's your mission furnicher?"

"O Pa," she said, "it's simply grand!"
An' then she took me by the hand
An' showed the house fixed mission style.
An' me? Well, I could only smile,
Although I felt like I cud cuss
To see how they had bunkoed us.

Fer all this mission furnicher
Thet some smart cuss had sold to her
Was jest a lot of hardwood plank
Jest thrown together with a yank
An' called a table or a chair.
The stuff thet she had gethered there
Was just the same stuff that the men
Was used to havin' at Camp Ten.

A bench marked seven ninety-eight
Thet Mary said was simply great
Was like the one thet Jack the Red
Broke over Jimmie Murphy's head.
The bed thet cost some thirty plunks
Was just the picture of the bunks
They give us fellahs in the woods—
An' so it was with all the goods.
Give me a drawshave an' a knife
An' handsaw an' I'll bet my life,
If I had hardwood plank enough,
That I cud make this mission stuff.

But I said nothin'. Not fer me
To cause a tear to Mary. She
Kin boss the outfit, an' her dad
Is glad as long as Mary's glad.
I don't like mission furnicher
But if it fetches joy to her,
If it kin make her lips to smile,
I'd fix the whole world mission style.

McDONALD, THE COOK.

McDonald don't cook from no recipey book, exceptin' the book in his head;

But McDonald kin shake up a biscuit er cake thet is fit to a king to be fed.

McDonald don't mope over cookin'-school dope an' git up a dinner too late—

McDonald kin throw Injun meal into dough while a girl wud be findin' a plate.

And ev'rything goes by names ev'ryone knows, when McDonald a dinner prepares—

For beans are called beans an' sardines are sardines on McDonald's well-known bill of fares.

The Frenchman's "men-noo" Mac don't parley vous—he kin cook in one language, not four;

If McDonald you "chef"-ed he wud hand you his left, fer Mac is a cook, an' no more.

Yét I bet thet his pies wud pry open the eyes of many a Johnny Crapaud;

At fried-cakes an' such he beats Frenchman er Dutch, an' his bread is as white as the snow.

As I mentioned before, he's a cook an' no more, but a cook from his wishbone to back;

And the citified cuss wudn't satisfy us, since we've tasted the cookin' of Mac.

Kin the cook in the town git the beans golden brown till they crumble an' melt in your mouth?

Kin he boil coffee up till it shines in the cup as golden an' rich as the South?

Oh, the city hotel may be certainly swell, with its lamps an'
its music an' flow'rs;

But fer three squares a day I will take no "cafe"—jest this
dingy, old cook-house of ours.

As I mentioned before, Mac's a cook an' no more, but a
cook from his wishbone to back;

An' the citified cuss wudn't satisfy us, since we've tasted
the cookin' of Mac.

THE CALLIN' OF THE PINE.

The sailor on the shore hears the rollin' ocean roar, an' it
beckons an' it beckons to the deep;
He kin hear the tackle shake when he lays at night awake,
he kin feel the deck a-rollin' in his sleep.
He kin hear the flappin' sail, he kin see above the gale the
petrel risin' skyward brave an' free;
An' there ain't no sailor man thet is happy on the lan' when
he listens to the callin' of the sea.

When he listens to the callin' of the sea,
When he hears the breakers roarin' on the lee—
Then his heart is far away where the billows leap an' play,
When he listens to the callin' of the sea.

As the sailor hears the sea, so I hear a-callin' me a voice thet
ever beckons to the wood;
I kin hear the pine tree sigh to the wind a-passin' by, I ketch
a breath of air thet's sweet an' good.
Yes, the sailor's far away where the billows leap an' play,
when he listens to the music of the brine;
But my soul is with the trees an' the river an' the breeze,
when I listen to the callin' of the pine.

When I listen to the callin' of the pine,
When I drink the brimmin' cup of forest wine—
Then the path of life is sweet to my travel-weary feet,
When I listen to the callin' of the pine.

But I like the pine tree best when the river is at rest an' the
winter holds the world in its embrace,
When the snow gleams fur an' white, when the moon is cold
an' bright, when the pine tree wears its diamonds an' its
lace.

Though the winter winds are keen, still its boughs are ever
green, like the love of her who has this heart of mine;
An' I know that she is true as the verdure ever new, when I
listen to the callin' of the pine.

When I listen to the callin' of the pine,
Then I pledge her in my cup of forest wine—
An' the stars that shine above all are singin' of my love,
When I listen to the callin' of the pine.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

There's a legend they tell ('tis *they* tell it, my boy) concern-
ing a certain great tree
That grows down at Milltown beside the St. Croix, where
it gets its first taste of the sea;
And this legend, or story, concerning the tree has a moral,
they say, in it thrown,
But I'll tell it to you as they told it to me—you can figure
the moral alone.
On the bank of the stream grew this spruce tree so tall, but
this spruce tree was crooked and slim;
On its side grew a bump, or a wart, or a ball, and a bird's nest
hung out on a limb.
There were branches on one side as thick as the fur that in-
habits a pussy cat's tail;
On the other, such branches at all as there were were feeble
and fragile and frail.
To the east just a trifle the tree was inclined, it wasn't ex-
actly in plumb;
It didn't lean out very far, do you mind, and then, yet again,
it leaned *some*.
But this spruce tree was doomed to an untimely end because
of its lumberly worth—
The foreman intended some fellers to send to bring the great
monarch to earth.
So he called a picked crew from the forest near by to chop,
saw and skid up the spruce,
For he swore that the spruce tree gigantic should die—and
these were the men he turned loose:

There was Sandy McGee, just from Bonnie Dundee, a canny
young bit of a lod;

There was Michael O'Toole—he was far from a fool—a son
of a son of the sod;
There was Alphonse Le Gaul, just from far Montreal, as
smooth as the bark on the beech;
And an Englishman stout who had lately come out quite
willing to learn—or to teach;
And lastly was Jake, who was after a stake and who said,
“Um-ha-ha! Vot's der use?”
These five were the crew (for a job fit for two) turned loose
on that hapless old spruce.

But the spruce tree, they tell me, looked quite unafraid when
the crew hove in sight at the morn;
In the zephyr that passed it it playfully swayed, as it had
since the day it was born.
“‘Tis a wee bit a-crookit,” quoth Sandy McGee, as he pulled
off his coat with a yank,
“I'm thinken' 'twere weel, Meester Wobbly Tree, to lay y'
up here on tha bank.”
“Perhaps so it were,” Michael hastened to state, “but look
at the bump on the bark;
You must fall toward the bump side, for there lays the weight
—it's so aisy, me byes, it's a lark.”
It then was the turn of the Frenchman Le Gaul, who was
green at the work, so they say;
He thought that the bird's nest would help it to fall and
suggested they fell it *that* way.
The Englishman laughed at traditional foe and showed how
the branches were spread;
“Where the top is the thickest,” he said, “it must go—or
the thing will come down on your head.”
But Jake took a squint and he said, “It is lean to the east
just a leetle, I foun’;
So, if you vill look, it is plain to be seen the which way to
chop up him down.”

In five different ways would five different men have felled
that unfortunate tree.

They argued till sundown—alas! even then these fellers still
could not agree.

For said Sandy McGee, just from Bonnie Dundee, "It's best
by the bank here to lie."

Then said Michael O'Toole, "You're a bare-legged fool and
you're grane in the bargain, sez I."

Then Alphonse Le Gaul danced into the ball and swore by
the nest on the limb;

And then Mr. Miles, from His Majesty's isles, showed again
how the tree looked to him.

And lastly came Jake, gave his shoulders a shake and said
in a voice that was shrill:

"You vas grazy vons all—eef a tree vas to fall, is he goin'
to fall up a hill?"

As I say, there's a moral connected with this, though I never
have quite made it out;

I will tell you the story, though, just as it is—you may find
what the moral's about.

For Sandy and Michael at last came to blows, John Bull and
the Frenchman joined in

And Jake's doubled fist met with somebody's nose and Jake
got a thump on the chin.

'Twas free for all, go it all, Donnybrook fair, and ev'ry man
give it and take;

In the morning some plaid and a bit of red hair the foreman
picked up with a rake.

For each one was licked and each licked ev'ry one—for they
fought at the foot of the tree

Till all that was left at the rise of the sun was the hair and bit
plaidie so wee.

There's a moral, they say, in this wonderful tale, though for
morals I haven't much use;

But I know, in that quaint old Canadian vale, still grows
that slim, crooked old spruce.

But, alas, Mr. Miles and brave Michael O'Toole have passed
from the knowledge of men;

And Le Gaul and poor Jake, the Jewish man, you'll on earth
never meet with again;

No, never again will the bagpiping biz be played by poor Sandy
McGee.

And the moral's a good one, I'm sure that it is—whatever
the moral may be,

THE SONGS THE WOODSMEN SING.

Above the quick, explosive notes of axes in the tree-heart
ringing,

Above the crash of falling pine, there comes the sound of manly
singing.

The roof is God's eternal sky. The graceful, swaying forest
giant

Is not more mighty than the tone, more proud, more sturdy,
more defiant:

 "I love a girl in Saginaw;
 She lives with her mother.
I defy all Michigan
 To find such another."

For men must whistle while they work, or irksome is the lot
of labor,

For men must mingle voice with voice if each would help and
cheer his neighbor;

And, when men sing, then men must sing the praises of a
gentle woman—

For she is angel, at the least, and man, at most, is only
human:

 "She's tall and slim; her hair is red;
 Her face is plump and pretty.
She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl,
 And her front name stands for Kitty."

Each holds a sweetheart somewhere dear, each has his meed
of song to give her—

She in a fatherland may dwell, she may have crossed the
silent river.

Each man has known a clasp of hands, each known a woman's
sweet caresses;

Each man, though rough and rude without, some tender
memory possesses:

“I took her to a dance one night,
A mossback gave the bidding;
Silver Jack bossed the shebang,
And Big Dan played the fiddle.”

Rude is the song—for ever bards feel more than they can
give expression,

But never song is half so sweet as when a lover makes con-
fession.

Rude are the joys that come to mind, as rude and reckless
as the rhythm,

But all are sweet and sanctified by this one joy—that she was
with him:

“We danced and drank the livelong night
With fights between the dancing,
Till Silver Jack cleaned out the ranch
And sent the mossbacks prancing.”

And when the tree fells some brave heart, and when the
river claims a braver,

The woodsmen's chant is softened low; with tears the faulty
accents waver.

They lay him in a shallow grave, the forest o'er it shadows
flinging,

And woods and hills and brook and stars are ever, ever gently
singing:

“I love a girl in Saginaw;
She lives with her mother,
I defy all Michigan
To find such another.”

THE WAY HOME.

We ain't very strong on right an' on wrong, us fellahs at
lumber Camp Ten;

If a man wants to cuss er to kick up a fuss, it don't bother
the rest o' the men.

If a man's on the square an' inclined to be fair, we like him
the better fer that;

But we don't pick a quar'l with the man who will snarl, any
more'n we wud with a cat.

If he looks fer a row, we manage as how he don't have to
wander about;

An' a mighty good lick, er a duck in the crick, will gen'ally
straighten him out.

You kin easy surmise we was took by su'prise when Scotty,
the boss of the barn,

Got serious kind an' said, to his mind, he cared not a golly
gosh darn

If a man went to kirk, er in camp had to work where he
never heard singing er text—

He cud be jest as good as any cuss could, in one place as
well as the next.

This theology biz, or whatever it is, was a new kind of talk
around there.

We didn't think much on religion an' such; we was rusty on
preachin' an' prayer.

There wasn't a one, not a son-of-a-gun, but wanted to Heaven
to get;

But we had the idee that, if Heaven we'd see, we must go by
the way of Marquette.

When we're up in Camp Ten it is different then, away from
the church an' the chime;
We have our own laws an' fight our own cause an' eat venison
any old time.

So when Scotty, the boss of the heifer an' hoss, the other
lads started to rake,
They gave a ho-ho an' told him to go an' take a big jump in
the lake.

Now, isn't it strange, how quickly we change from joy into
sorrow an' back,
How a man seems to know he'll be called soon to go acrost
the great river so black?

In an hour, by the watch, that bundle of Scotch in a bunk
we saw tumble an' toss;
Fer a kick on the head by that blamed heifer red had ended it
all fer the boss.

No preacher was there with a comfortin' prayer to make easy
the comin' of death.
There was no one to say a text er to pray fer the poor devil
pantin' fer breath.

Then he opened his eyes, but no pain or su'prise in the face
of the man we could see;
'Twas the face of a child, thet looked upward an' smiled, an'
said, "Fellahs, listen to me:

"If a man goes to kirk, er in camp has to work where he never
hears singin' er text,

Remember he can be a God-lovin' man in one place as well as the next.

"It's all over, I know, but I ain't scared to go, though my heart at the partin' is sair;

I kin see the white gate where my wee babbies wait—an' I know that I'm goin' straight there."

A SON OF SICILY.

I leava dat Italia
 An' coma to da land,
Da greata, free America,
 To run banana stand.
An' when I leava Sicily
 Da sunna he was shine,
Da leaf was on da feega tree
 An' grapa on da vine;
Da baby chasa butterfly,
 Da woman sing a song;
An' life it passa sweeta by,
 Like reever run along.

But, in Chicago city, sun
 He shina not at all;
An' in Chicago ever'one
 He "dago, dago" call.
No hilla stand, no feega grow,
 No bird sing in a trees;
Da weenter coma an' da snow—
 Italian he freeze.
I dreama den of Sicily,
 Da woman by da door;
Da leetle baby so I see
 A creepa on da floor.

One day padroni come aroun ;
 He say, "You coma me,
To sunny Sout' I send you down
 Where growa beeg, beeg tree.



"The sunny South."



You worka on a railaroad,
You shovel upa sand,
You leefta tie, you carry load—
I pay you mucha grand.”
“I cara nota abouta pay,”
I say, an’ laff an’ cry,
“I wanta goa far away,
I wanta see a sky.”

I dream of Sicily some more
But oh! I feel so diff—
I sleepa night-time out-a-door,
Again, again I lif.
The sun he shina in da sky
Like sun in Sicily;
I see da purty butterfly,
Da birda in da tree.
Da moona an’ da stars so shine,
So lovely an’ so bright,
I see ’em higha toppa pine,
An’ cross masel’ at night.

For God He liva in da sky,
He liva in da tree,
An’ in da reever runna by—
Like dat in Sicily.
For God He liva out-a-door,
Not in a city beeg;
For God He maka sea an’ shore,
Da grapa an’ da feeg.
I go not to Chicago back,
I sleepa on da sod;
I stay not in a city black,
But out-a door wit’ God.

THE STABLE BOY.

I don't know the why er the reason
 (Them things aren't always quite clear),
But never comes glad Christmas season,
 It never gits this time o' year,
But I'm thinkin', both sleepin' an' wakin',
 Of a queer little pardner of mine,
Of the winter thet we was a-makin'
 A hole in the Ogemaw pine.

He was tiny an' tough an' a terror,
 He cud cuss, he cud smoke, he cud chew;
But kid never lived thet was squarer,
 An' kid never lived was as true.
He walked all the way up the river,
 With never a sigh er a sob
(Though the days wud make polar bears shiver),
 An' struck the head push fer a job.

He didn't look hardly quite able
 To monkey with axes or tools,
So the boss give him work in the stable
 At scrapin' the hides o' the mules.
An' he still might be curryin' Nero
 An' Caesar up there in the wood
If God hadn't discovered a hero
 An' give him a chance to make good.

Y' see, we had *that* year a baby
 In camp with the rest of the crew
An' we worshiped the youngster—well, maybe
 You've loved some such kid as that, too.

'Tain't often you hear a kid squealin'
In any such country as that,
And darned if the men wasn't kneelin'
Like one to the scaler's young brat.

But of all of the folks thet cud handle
That kid an' not scare it to fits
Not one cud hold even a candle
To the lad o' the bridles an' bits.
And now, do you know, I suspicion
Thet the stable boy, freckled an' slim,
While he petted that baby, was wishin'
Fer someone to do it to him.

One day we was workin' on seven,
A clump thet stood close to the camp,
An' the babe was in kind of a heaven,
A-playin' around us, the scamp.
Fer his mother to see us had brought him
(A treat she had promised the tad)
An' the foreman with log rule had taught him
T' "scale just as good as his dad."

We never knew jest how it started,
But it stabbed ev'ry man to the soul—
Fer somehow the bindin' chain parted
An' the top logs all started to roll.
We heard the great log-chain unlinkin',
We heard the loud roar of the load;
Then none of the baby was thinkin',
Fer ev'ry man jumped fer the road.

No, not all. One alone stayed an' seized him,
The baby who laughed at the noise,
An' the arms thet reached outward an' squeezed him,
Thet covered his form, was the boy's.

We worked then with madmen's endeavor,
We lifted the logs from the skids;
But the chore boy was silent forever—
He had given his life for the kid's.

His name? I can't seem now to mind it,
Though I dream an' I think an' I try;
But I know that all entered you'll find it
In the books of the angels on high.
To bibles the lad was a stranger,
No faith ever filled him with joy,
But the Christ that was born in a manger
I know will take care of the boy.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SCRAP.

St. Patrick wuz a peaceful saint who druv the snakes from
Oireland.

He made the goblins in the bogs betake themselves to higher
land.

Now, who but Timmy Corrigan, a far from ornamental mon,
Would e'er disgrace the mimory of sich a peaceful gintleman?

Now, who but Timmy—do ye hear?—an' min loike Mickey
Flaherty

Would e'er disthurb St. Patrick's Day wid sich unfit hilar-
ity?

But let me whisper just a word, an' this here is the word
it is:

The Oirish temper's not so quick as yez hev often heard it is.

A bit of tow may start a blaze will burn up half the bailiwick;
But not till somewan wid a flint has hit a bit of nail a lick.

Two Oirishmen may scrap until a crowbar big has parted 'em,
But, tin to wan, whin Oirish fight, some other nation started
'em.

It was thot way at Ould Camp Tin whin Pat an' Mickey
Flaherty,

Tim Corrigan, his brother Bill an' Dan an' Harry Garrity
Got in an awful jamboree. They tore the bunks an' binches
loose;

The air was full o' flyin' things, wid axes, saws an' wrinches
loose.

An' whin, for want of breath an' bricks, the scrappers had to
pause a bit,

The foremon layped among thim all an' thried to learn the
cause of it.

It seems thot Ole Payterson, a harmless kind o' lady's mon
Had said St. Patrick, blissed saint, wuz just a common
Swadish mon.

"Now," sez the foreman, "byes, me byes, there is a double
moral here

Which yez will learn b' heart I hope, ye laddybucks who
quarrel here:

Now, first: Plaze notice, wan an' all, thot whin the Oirish
mix up things

Some other nationality it is at first thot kicks up things.

"An' also notice, if ye plaze, some yap that couldn't lick a
stamp

Is jist the bye that riles ye up an' starts yez out to lick a
camp;

And, lasht of all, ye will obsarve, he's never in the dirt at all—
For he who's first to start a row is seldom ever hurt at all."

POET AND PEASANT.

"How wonderful!" the Poet cried,
 "The pine mounts skyward day by day."
"Darned if I see," the Chore-Boy said,
 "How it could grow the other way."

"How beauteous!" the Poet cried,
 "It spreads its branches to the air."
But the prosaic Chore-Boy asked,
 "What's to prevent it, 'way up there?"

"How sad its song," the Poet said.
 "It moans like some poor soul has sinned."
"That ain't no song," the Chore-Boy said,
 "That noise you hear up there is wind."

"How wonderful!" the Poet cried,
 "Long years it's stood in regal pomp."
The Chore-Boy smiling said, "I guess
 That you have never pulled a stump."

"A cradle fit for infant king,"
 The poet cried, "its branches are."
"But if the kid," the Chore-Boy said,
 "Should fall 'twould get an awful jar."

"See in its bark deep-furrowed care,"
 The Poet cried in soulful terms.
"That isn't care," the Chore-Boy said,
 "That isn't care—I guess it's worms."

"How through the winter," said the bard,
 "It keeps its green garb beauteous."

"It keeps its green," the Chore-Boy said,
"Of course—a pine tree always does."

"For centuries," the Poet cried,
"It has withstood the storm that racks."
"But wait till some one comes along,"
The Chore-Boy said, "who has an ax."

JEAN COMES TO MASS.

'Tis Christmas Eve; but from the winter sky
No stars shine out. The pine tops sob and sigh.
About the camp the night wind sadly moans
And, at its touch, the shanty loudly groans
Like some old chopper with rheumatic bones
Watching the sleepless hours go crawling by.

The curling incense, from two score of bowls
Jammed with tobacco, slowly upward rolls.
Fast fly about the merry woodsmen's jokes
The while they talk of home and old home folks;
But one among them still in silence smokes
And dreams a dream of tiny angel souls.

While 'round the house the chilling night wind grieves,
He sits and dreams of other Christmas Eves
And sees strange shadows on the shanty wall.
He hears the romping noise and merry call
Of two small babes, now sleeping 'neath a pall
Of drifting snow and lifeless autumn leaves.

But joy is cruel, and wit too merciless
Respects but ill a heart's unhappiness;
And soon to him the merry sallies pass:
"Dream you, Canuck, of some Toronto lass?"
Or, "Think you, brother, you have come to mass?
Tell us the wicked sins you would confess."

"See, Jean has come to mass," the joke goes 'round
"It is not Christmas Eve good Jean has found.
'Tis not a time to smile, 'tis time to sigh;
'Tis not a time to laugh, 'tis time to cry;

'Tis not a time to live, 'tis time to die;
For, see, to mass our good friend Jean is bound."

Hurt by their jests, pained by their careless wit,
Resolved no more in silence to submit,
Jean leaves the pleasant warmth and fireside bright
And steps without, where now the winter night
Gives to the world a newer garb of white,
While whirling flakes in hurry earthward flit.

'Tis Christmas Eve; and still, as in his dream,
The voices of his slumbering babies seem
To call him upward from a world so chill,
The winds that freeze, the colder words that kill,
To some far world where peace, peace and good-will
From the transfigured skies forever beam.

Jean wanders on; the hours of midnight pass;
The great pines bend before the wind like grass.
But, in the morning light, that winter wind,
At sunlight's touch, becomes to men more kind,
And on a snow-clad mound a form they find—
For Jean to God's Great Church has come to mass.

THE DRIVE

THE WILL OF THE MIGHTY.

As moved the phalanx of the Greek
And left behind no thing alive,
By new-formed bayou, swollen creek,
Moves now the phalanx of the drive.
The Grecians linked their thousand spears
And made their long, unbroken line;
Thus on the flowing stream appears
The mighty army of the pine.

It leaves behind no trail of death,
No bloodied battleflag is seen;
The balsam scent is on its breath,
Its banner is the forest green.
It comes not as the men of Greece,
When weak must fall and strong must flee;
Its message is a song of peace,
Its mission is but industry.

As moved the phalanx of the past,
As slow, as irresistible,
This forest army, great and vast,
Moves slowly on to waiting mill.
And if, perchance, its millions halt
On sandy shoal or rocky shelf,
Nor stream nor earth is more at fault—
The error lies within itself.

When leaders falter by the way
Or pause to rest on mossy banks

The stubborn obstacles are they
That spread confusion through the ranks.
When timid timber hesitates
To make the plunge o'er foaming dam
Or, lured by placid water, waits—
Then comes the chaos of the jam.

The moving phalanx of the pine
Is like the people's tardy will,
As slow as shield-encumbered line,
As slow and irresistible.
And, if it pause by rock or shoal,
On shifting sand or rolling stone,
Yea, if it fail to reach its goal,
The fault is all the people's own.

WHEN THE DRIVE COMES DOWN.

Things is quiet in the town—

Boys is up the stream;

No one ever blows aroun',

Life is like a dream.

Must be much as twenty days

Since I've seen a fight;

People walk in peaceful ways,

Go to bed at night.

Laws ain't broke—or even bent—

In the good old town;

But it will be different

When the drive comes down.

When the drive comes down

Things'll sizzle brown;

Business will be boomin' then—

When the drive comes down.

Patsy Ward, from off the Clam,

He will head the crew

'Long with Grah'm, who broke the jam

At Island Number Two.

All the boys from Houghton Lake

Pat will have in tow,

With their winter's thirst to slake

An' their coin to blow.

West'rn Avenue will boom

In the good old town;

Won't be room for grief an' gloom

When the drive comes down.

When the drive comes down

Things'll sizzle brown

An' the dough will circulate—

When the drive comes down.

THE OLD OHIO LEVEE.

This world of laughter, love and song
Has promenades in plenty
On which, at eve, there stroll along
The man and maid of twenty.
Great Paris has its boulevards,
And fair the streets of Brussels,
And some to Broadway send regards,
Where silken garment rustles.
But, when a-weary is my soul
And when my heart is heavy,
I light my black cigar and stroll
The old Ohio levee.

Below me flows the yellow stream
Fair Illinois entwining,
And far across, as in a dream,
Kentucky's shore is shining.
A banjo twangs upon the night,
The world is filled with singing,
And, swimming in its silver light,
The gentle moon is swinging.
The girls and loves of other days
Attend me in a bevy—
I see them in the filmy haze
On old Ohio levee.

My feet shall wander other streets
Beyond the mighty ocean,
But distant river but repeats
The loved Ohio's motion.

My lips that warble other tunes
And flatter other daughters
Shall but recall remembered Junes
Beside Ohio's waters.
And, when of change I tire and when
My vagrant heart is heavy,
My feet shall long to stroll again
The old Ohio levee.

THE DRIVE.

You think of death as a thing that stalks
Through a famine-stricken land;
You think of death as a thing that walks
With a sword held in its hand.
I see no flag and I hear no drums
And no pestilence I fear,
But I know when the drive down the river comes
It is death that sacks the rear.

'Tis the hand of death that the stream would dam
With a wall of the mighty pine,
'Tis the hand of death that the logs would jam
Where the waters leap and shine.
It is there men fight the fight with death,
And their hearts are unafraid;
It is there men fight for life and breath,
It is there are heroes made.

You sing the praise of a Winkelreid
Who gathered the foemen's spears,
But keep the name of this other sweet,
Like his, in the after years.
Peavey or sword or pike or gun—
To the brave they are all the same;
So keep a place for the river's son
In your cherished hall of fame.

So keep a place for the man who dies
When the mighty jam gives way,
So keep a place for the man who tries
The hand of death to stay.
It is death, it is death that sacks the rear
While demons dip and dive—
So remember long and hold most dear
The hero of the drive.

THE CONNECTICUT DRIVE.

From the home of the towering spruces,
By Connecticut's cataracts hurled,
We have come over dams and through sluices
To knock at the door of the world.
We bring you the wealth of the forest
That long in her treasure-house stood;
We bring you a gift on the river adrift—
We bring you the heart of the wood.

Like the horse first imprisoned and haltered,
The river resisted our will—
Now stubborn, unmoved and unaltered,
Now hot with a passion to kill.
It foamed in white fury at Turner's,
At Miller's awoke with a roar;
Mad the race that we rode while it chafed with its load
As it groaned with the burden it bore.

But we conquered the turbulent river,
And we plunged from the torrent's alarms
To a silence that trembles forever
O'er a valley of plenteous farms.
And this is the gift that we bring you,
Borne swift on Connecticut's flood—
From the land of the spruce, for the world's ready use,
We bring you the heart of the wood.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

O ye who stand in cloisters old
Where ancient priests have trod
Who, from the mystic past, unrolled
The story of your God,
O ye who stand where kings have stood
Who shaped the world's career,
O ye who stand where martyrs' blood
Has roused the idle cheer,

I stand, like ye, in mighty place
No less than such as these,
The very forum of the race
Where mingle centuries.
For here the rivers of the land
To one great river run,
And southland loam and northland sand
Are blended into one.

For here the great Ohio comes
From mountains old and gray;
It brings the heartbeat of the drums,
The sad beat and the gay.
It brings the music of the mills,
The song of industry,
It brings the wealth of granite hills,
The heartwood of the tree.

And here the Mississippi flows
From Minnesota's lakes;
It bears the northland's melted snows
To tepid cypress brakes;

The waters of each prairie state
Are mingled in its tide,
It comes a groom importunate
To claim the waiting bride.

The giants of the East and North
Here thread a common shore,
Upon a common altar forth
Their sweet libations pour.
Here join the mighty rivers and
Roll onward to the seas,
Here North and South clasp hand and hand
For all the centuries.

THE REBELLIOUS RIVER.

A river flowed through tranquil ways
And found its passage to the sea,
Its life unchanging summer days,
Its course unchallenged, channel free.
And so it might have flowed for aye,
So might its life forever been
Succeeding summers passing by,
Had not it ventured into sin.

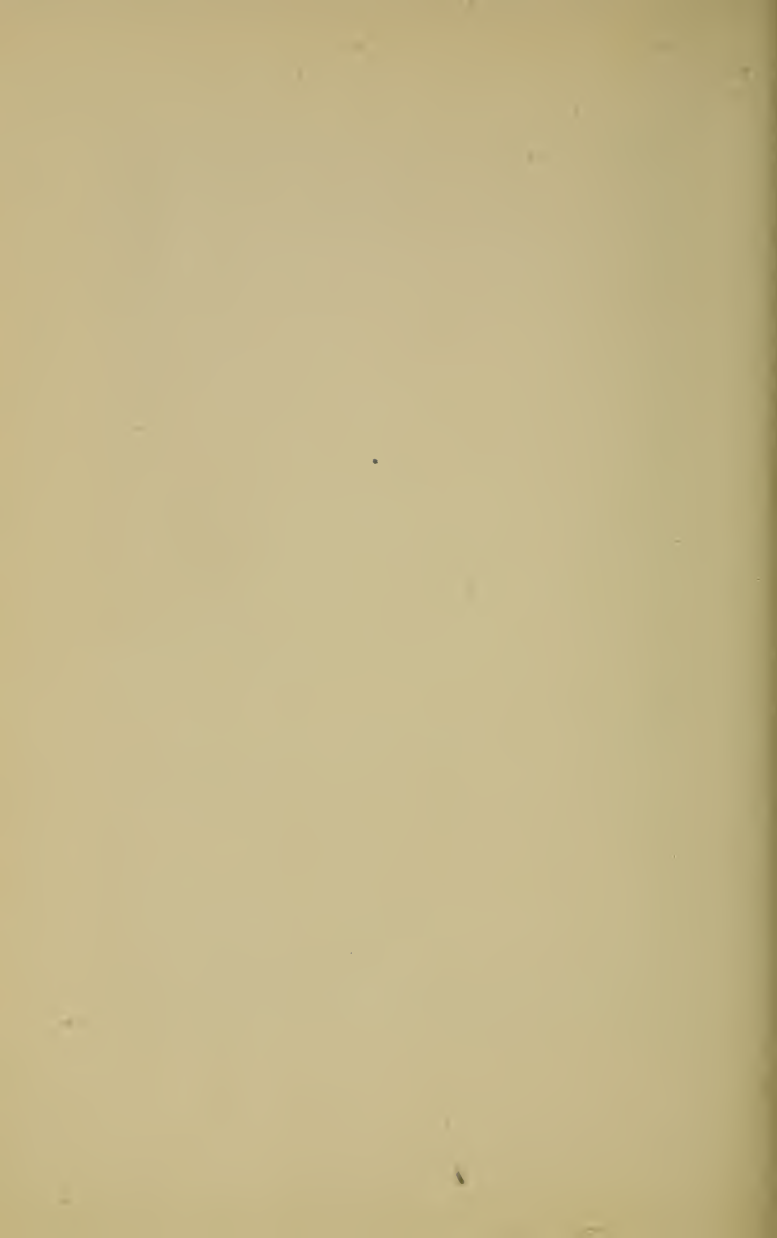
But, foolish river, it was proud
And, tempted by its foolish pride,
It spurned the forest o'er it bowed,
It spurned the blossoms at its side.
It longed to burst the banks of green
That fortified its verdured length,
It longed to break the peace serene
And demonstrate its mighty strength.

One night it rose rebelliously
And broke the bounds its form confined,
It ran untethered to the sea
And left a ruined land behind.
The forest trees to earth it beat,
It crushed the flowers in its wrath,
And where it ran with errant feet
It left but havoc in its path.

But when its fit of rage was o'er
And when its mighty strength was spent,
There came a cry from shore to shore,
A cry demanding punishment.



"The forest o'er it bowed."



The forest wept for slaughtered shade,
The ghosts of murdered flowers rose,
And all the elements were made
To hear the stories of their woes.

They sat in judgment on the case,
They made the guilty stream confess,
And they declared that one so base
No longer freedom should possess.
Yet, when the time for sentence came,
The elements would speak their will,
Good Mother Nature, gentle dame,
Would show the culprit mercy still.

So this the elements' decree:
That half of each succeeding year
Imprisoned must the river be
Nor know the joy of summer cheer,
That half its life forever more
Behind the prison bars be spent,
Bars more secure than sandy shore—
This was the river's punishment.

Six months were added to the past,
Six months the river traced its course,
Then came the elements at last
Their chosen judgment to enforce.
The jailer Winter seized the stream;
He bound the river, once so free,
In chains with diamonds bright a gleam
And locked them with a silver key.

THE PLATTE.

You thread Nebraska's peaceful miles,
Reflecting sunshine kisses warm,
And all your ways are bright with smiles
And all your days are peace and charm.
You flow by ranch and verdant farm,
You nurture fair Nebraska's corn,
And timid kine feel no alarm
That lap your limpid edge at morn.

But I have learned your secret deep
And I have read your hidden scroll,
And, while your placid waters sleep,
I know what torrents stir your soul.
For, river, I have seen you roll
Through Colorado's rocky vales
And, e'er you reach the final goal,
I know what stress your path assails.

And are not men like unto you?
Are there not souls that seem as still,
Whose inmost springs are boiling, too,
Like your own sources in the hill?
The river first is leaping rill,
From mountain's pentup bosom thrown;
And oft the soul unmarked by ill
Has all the pains of living known.

"THE BARBARY COAST."

Prior to 1850 the lumber district of Philadelphia was along the Delaware, north of the present Callowhill Street. It was sometimes called the "Barbary Coast," perhaps a well deserved title because of the roughness of the characters who brought their lumber up or down the river.

Then it's ho! for the Barbary Coast, my boys, it's ho! for
Barbary Coast;

We will drink tonight at the old Red Light three fingers to
the host;

We will put her aground tonight, my boys, in the good old
Delaware—

For the fresh is strong and the day is long and the morn-
ing wind is fair,

The wind is fair, is fair.

Two hundred thousand of new-cut pine and a quick trip is
our boast;

All hands to the oar and we touch the shore, the shore of
Barbary Coast.

So, you Salamanca brave, lay hold; lay hold, you big Canuck;
There are yellow shoals, there are eddy holes—and only a
raftsman's luck,

Only a raftsmen's luck, my boys, to land her safe and sound,
To run the pier and swing her clear and bring her hulk around,
And bring her hulk around.

So lay hold, you lads from Hester Street, lay hold, you big
Canucks;

A hand to the oar and an eye to the shore, you Salamanca
bucks.

Let the Susquehanna rage and roar, let the Susquehanna
hiss—

We will cross pull to, we will warp her through, we will ride
where the current is.

The song of the river is music sweet and warm the springtime
sun—

But better still is Callowhill when the river and we are done,
The river and we are done.

We will sing a song that is all our own, we will steal a bar-
maid's kiss—

So what care we, while the river's free, for the Susquehanna's
hiss?

It is still tonight on Barbary Coast, it's still on Barbary
Coast.

The Red Light Inn, the house of sin, has vanished with the
host.

No raftsmen's song breaks the midnight air, the pilot gray
is gone;

No raft is tied the quay beside, and the years flow on and on,
The years flow on and on.

Now across the silent Delaware there sweeps a misty ghost;
The moon shines still on Callowhill—but dead is Barbary
Coast.

THE GLIDERS.

It is often declared by the poets long-haired
Thet life is a stream we are ridin',
Thet to some port below thet no man seems to know
Us fellahs are gradjully glidin'.
Some people I've spied who seem real glad to glide
An' never will rustle a paddle,
Who float down the stream in a kind of a dream
An' are satisfied simply to daddle.
This loafin' along to *some* folks may seem fine—
But *I'll* take the good, old quickwater fer mine.

They talk about strife an' the sweet, simple life
An' the folly of hustle an' worry;
They seem kind o' proud thet they've never allowed
Themselves to git into a hurry.
They find a green pool thet is shady an' cool,
Er they monkey around in an eddy,
An' their boat whirls about an' they never git out—
But they talk about nerves thet is steady.
But, as just fer me, in this life-livin' biz,
I want to git *somewhere*, wherever it is.

Oh, it's hot in the stream with the sunshine agleam
An' no shade er no shadow thet's coolin',
An' the quickwater foams, an' the white ripple combs,
An' there ain't no occasion fer foolin'.
It's your life in your hand, an' your nose in the sand
Unless all your muscle you're givin';
But when you git through an' you bail your canoe—
Well, you know, anyhow, you've been livin'.
So none of the life thet is simple fer me;
I want to be busy, wherever I be.



THE MILL

THE THANKSGIVING TURK.

Thot cock fight at Kelly's wan Saturday night
Wuz a thing Oi will niver forgit—
There wuz Irish an' Swades full av whisky an' fight
An' some Dootchmen too already yit.
There wuz burrds from Gran' Rapids an' burrds from St.
Paul
An' burrds from Duluth an' New York;
But the cock o' the walk an' the pride av us all
Wuz a rooster belonged to O'Rourke.

This burrd wuz part Shanghai an' part Plymouth Rock,
Part Langshan an' Indian game;
Through his veins coursed the blood av more fancy-brid
stock
Than Oi kin raymimber the name.
He'd a comb thot resimble a rid flannel shirt
An' a beak like a circular's edge;
An' whin he got mad an' begun to kick dirt
He cud trun it aroun' like a dredge.

There wasn't a mon from Kilkenney or Cork
Who money cud borry or beg
But knew thot the burrd thot belonged to O'Rourke
Cud clane up the boonch on wan leg.
The burrds from New York looked like bantams furninst
Thot burrd wid the rid flannel comb;
An' we knew thot the first thot he leaned up aginst
Wud wish he wuz safely to home.

At a signal, two burrds in the circle wuz laid—

An' wan wuz the burrd of O'Rourke,
The ither a burrd thot belonged to a Swade;
Down heads, an' they both wint to work.
Thot burrd av O'Rourke's gave a jump an' a jab
But the ither looked straight in his eye
An' mit him full tilt wid a stoop an' a stab—
An' we kissed a month's wages goodby.

Thot burrd wuz part Shanghai an' part Plymouth Rock,
Part Langshan an' Indian game—
But the Shanghai part mit wid a terrible shock
An' the Langshan part likewise the same.
The Indian part we found niver at all,
But other parts scattered aroun'
Showed the spot where he mit wid thot burrd from St. Paul
An' the places he lit on the groun'.

Now here is the sayquil: On T'anksgiving day
At the boardin' house Mr. O'Rourke
Wuz swately requested by Missus O'Shea
To carve up the T'anksgivin' turk.
Wid a stabber in wan hand, in the ither a knoife,
O'Rourke tackled bravely the job;
An' he cut an' he slashed an' he jabbed for dear loife
But made no imprission, begob.

Twaz thin that O'Rourke, bein' Irish, got mad
An' he sez to this Missus O'Shea:
"Oi'm anxious to foind this burrd's brother, bedad,
If he still is a-livin' this day.
If the brother Oi foind of this T'anksgivin' turk"
(An' the plate at the lady he hurled)
"Oi'll take thot same turk, or my name's not O'Rourke,
An', begorry, Oi'll challenge the wurrd!"

GIVE ME AN AX.

'Member when I was a kid workin' in the old wood lot
Where we used to chop an' cut, where our winter's warmth
we got—

Pa on one end of a saw, me upon the other end,
'Till I thought my body'd break like we made the cross-cut
bend.

Then, just to encourage me, make my bosom swell with pride,
Pa would say, "If you can't *pull*, don't git on the saw an'
ride."

Sometimes, though, the saw would stick, though we nearly
broke our backs;

Then pa'd yell, "All hands stand by—look out fer heads—
give me an ax!"

That's some twenty years ago; things have changed a heap
since then—

Pa sleeps where the wood lot was, I toil here fer city men.
Some I marvel at their ways, some I marvel, some I'm mad;
Diff'rent sort of chaps are they from my dear, old, cranky
dad—

Nothin' here to breathe but smoke, nothin' here to hear
but noise;

Wonder that I sometimes long fer my childhood pains an'
joys?

An' I'd like to shut my eyes, shut out reason, shut out facts—
Hear again, "All hands stand by—look out fer heads—give
me an ax!"

City folks ain't country folks, city ways ain't country ways—
More I come to think these things as I near my final days.

When I read of boodlers, read of those who rob the poor,
When I see the villain's hand with its touch defile the pure;
When I see the rottenness, see the slowness of reform,
See how high a wall it is decency an' right must storm,
Then I know what ails it all, know jest what it is it lacks—
Men like pa of old to yell: "Look out fer heads—give me
an ax!"

"THE MILL IN THE FOREST."

A rendition in words of the musical idyl by Eilenberg.

While twittering songsters yet announce the morn
And all the wood is wondrous calm and still,
Upon the zephyr tremulous is borne
The waking rumble of the forest mill.

The great wheel moves; the foaming waters pour
On waiting sands in crystal melody;
The saw's high treble and the pulley's roar
Are mingled in a song of industry.

Now through the day the busy millwheel turns;
And through the day the saw untiring sings,
Nor rests till red and gold the sunset burns
And blaze and gilt on all the landscape flings.

But, as the orb of day slips down the west,
The waters turn to other ways more still;
The weary wheel at last subsides to rest
And peace comes down upon the silent mill.

A yellow moon arises o'er the trees,
The little stars, with eyes half-timid, peep;
Night brings her black and somber tapestries
And wraps the forest and the mill in sleep.

THE FALL OF THE CHAMPION.

I don't recall how many 'twas
That Jimmy Smith could pack,
But Jimmy all the records held
To Manistee an' back.
No shingle weaver in the world
Could hope to equal Jim—
From Ogemaw to Saginaw
They tipped their hats to him.

For Jimmy Smith, the packer, was
A person known to fame,
An' other packers traveled far
To stand by Jimmy's frame.
Some challenged him to combat by
The thousand or the day;
An' then at night they took to flight
To regions far away.

They'd fill his bin with shingle slits
No wider than a thumb
An' give the extras big an' fine
To some ambitious bum,
But Jimmy Smith would only smile
Like one who such disdained—
'Twas all the same, for from the frame
The bunches simply rained.

No fancy apron Jimmy wore
Like them at bargain sales;
He had his hammer near at hand,
His mouth was full of nails;

An' narrow butts or extra butts,
The fourteen-inch or four,
He'd slam 'em in an' nail the tin
An' holler up for more.

Through bins stacked high with shingles odd
Great Jimmy simply romped,
An' never in that shingle mill
Was Jimmy ever swamped.
There wasn't shingle blocks enough
In all the mills about
To keep a bin with shingles in
That Jimmy wanted out.

But Jimmy met his Waterloo
(I think her name was Lu);
She come along in early June
From down in old Kazoo.
At Riley's boardin' house she got
A job at slingin' hash.
He heard her speak, an' in a week
Great Jim was Lulu's mash.

For they were strangers on the first
An' lovers on the third;
An' they were married on the tenth—
An' then the row occurred—
The shingle-weavin' champion,
The monarch of the frame,
From pinnacle so lofty fell
At old, accustomed game.

For Lu had heard of Jimmy's skill;
So, for their weddin' trip,
She told him he could pack the trunk
An' also pack the grip.

The trunk was two-by-three-by-four,
An' this is what she told
Poor Jim that day to stow away
Within the narrow hold:

A summer dress, a winter dress,
A dress for spring an' fall,
Another dress with neck so low
'Twas scarce a dress at all,
An armful too of bows an' ties
That women like to use,
A dozen skirts an' Jimmy's shirts
An' seven pairs of shoes;

A perfume box, a powder puff,
Of corsets seven pair,
Some businesses with ribbon through
That women like to wear.
Six pairs of socks, some women's hose,
Three pairs of rubbers strong—
An' goodness knows what other clothes
She wished to take along.

An' there was Jimmy's clothes, of course,
An' Jimmy's collars too,
A quart of Jimmy's summer ties
An' Jim's suspenders new.
Jim's polish too, an' blackin' brush,
An extra hat for Jim,
Were just a few of fixin's new
That Lulu shot at him.

An' Jim went bravely to the work
With old, courageous smile;
He shed his coat an' shed his vest
An' tackled Lulu's pile.

At first he laid a course of gowns
An' then a course of hose;
Then bonnets three an' finery
He heaped on top of those.

A course of trousers followed next,
An' then a course of shirts,
An' all the shoes an' blackin' stuff
He wrapped in Lulu's skirts.
But when he'd reached the utmost top,
Had filled the trunk an' tray,
The stuff that Lu still at him threw
In heaps around him lay.

An' so he took the dresses out
To get the collars in,
An' then decided it was best
All over to begin.
The socks an' salts an' other stuff
Were tumbled on the floor;
There wasn't space for half the lace—
But Lu kept bringin' more.

He thought he'd put the hats in first
An' then he'd put 'em last;
He thought he'd put the books on top
To hold the bonnets fast.
An' then the liquid blackin' broke,
The powder got away,
The trousers tore, an' Jimmy swore
On this, his weddin' day.

There's little need to tell the rest
Of all that happened then;
There are some griefs too sacred, friends,
For ears of other men.

The train that would have borne away
The groom an' blushin' bride
Pulled out that day for Traverse Bay
While Lulu sat and cried.

But Jimmy didn't cry, oh, no;
No, Jimmy didn't cry.
He kicked the trunk down seven stairs,
Then loaded up with rye.
It was a naughty thing for him
To get upon a drunk;
But then, did *you* e'er try it, too—
To pack a woman's trunk?

OSHKOSH.

No more the thunder of the falling pine
Awakens echoes where the Wolf descends;
No more the monarchs of that regal line
Collect rebellious at the river bends.
The silence that the ultimate portends
Already on the woodland sets its sign;
The woodsman's ax to greet the morning sends
No more the thunder of the falling pine.

Now comes the hemlock prince and claims his own,
In tilt or tourney ready to compete,
And mounts with sudden pomp the empty throne,
His title proven and his right complete.
The cedar, basswood, gathered at his feet,
The oak and maple close beside him grown,
His presence whisper and his scepter greet—
Now comes the hemlock prince and claims his own.

The busy murmur of the singing mills
Is silenced by a newer, deeper note;
With newer life the chosen city thrills,
Her destiny no more a thing remote.
No more on Winnebago's bosom float
The cargoes garnered from the pine-clad hills;
New industry succeeds with joyous throat
The busy murmur of the singing mills.

THE SILENT CITY.

It rose by magic in the night,
A city of the verdant wood,
Its founders men of brain and might,
Its builders simple men and rude.
Where evening fell o'er solitude
A city in the morning stood.

For there is gold in tow'ring pine
And there is wealth in maple hill
More rich than treasures of the mine
That make man labor, love and kill.
Yea, fortunes stand by forest rill
Awaiting men of earnest will.

So rose this city by the stream
That sang a liquid melody;
So rose this city like a dream
Of that the poet hopes may be—
A city white beside the sea,
A place of mirth and minstrelsy.

With evergreen it was embowered,
With sweetest perfume it was scent;
Above it piney sentries towered,
Above it swaying cedars bent—
The earth and heaven closely blent
In one unending firmament.

A city of great actions this,
A city of the singing saw;
The morning heard the crosscut hiss,

The forest bowed before a law
That filled its mighty heart with awe,
That crushed it with relentless paw.

All day the pine tree's cloister rang
With sturdy axman's steady blows,
All day the music of the gang
Above the woodland echoes rose,
From morning's sun till evening's close
The forest held the forest's foes.

But when the pine, that centuries
Had swayed aloft, no longer swayed,
And when its harp among the trees
The passing wind no longer played,
When burst the sun through forest shade
And killed the blossom in the glade,

Men turned away, as Amnon turned
From Tamar, whom he had despoiled;
The wasted hill and vale they spurned
Where once their busy axmen toiled—
Yea, turned they as the Jew recoiled
From that poor sister he had soiled.

Now silent is the humming mill,
Now motionless the busy wheel;
The thresholds of the cottaged hill
No longer human footsteps feel.
About the stumps the creepers steal
And all their jagged wounds conceal.

The silent city dully sleeps,
A city of the living dead,
And watch the gloomy night-owl keeps

Above its homes untenanted.
The forest creature rests its head
In streets once loud with human tread.

But in the silent city square
The hand of Time is working on,
And in the shattered woodland bare
The years replacing riches gone.
Above this modern Babylon
Arises now a fairer dawn.

For base intrigue and bloody war
Survived have regal families;
And thus to pomp and glory more
Shall rise these fallen forest trees.
For men of lengthy pedigrees
Had never lineage like these.

O silent city, o'er thy head
The pine shall whisper once again,
O city of the living dead,
The rose shall blossom in the fen.
Reblooming dell, reverdured den
Shall know once more the feet of men.

THE SAGINAW.

The river now is calm and still that, in its glory, rang
With humming of the busy mill, the music of the gang.
The forest echoes now no more the shining ax's strokes,
No longer, stretching shore to shore, the jam the river chokes.
Now silent runs the Saginaw; it knows the peace it knew
When first the ruddy Chippewa explored it with canoe.

The river flows with little change and melts in azure bay,
But all the upland now is strange, transformed the verdant
way.

Where once a million forest trees gave greeting to the morn
I trace the course of summer breeze through gently waving
corn.

The rugged days of youth are done, the forest echoes cease;
Now all the days are sky and sun and all the nights are peace.

Yet, Saginaw, how great a past is sheaved with other years!
In what a mighty mold were cast your lumber pioneers!
They built their mills the stream beside, their camps upon
the hill,

Ere yet the red man's fire had died, ere yet his cry was still;
And down that pine-embroidered flood, by currents onward
whirled,

They sent of silver-hearted wood enough to roof the world.

THE TURKEY TASTE.

We didn't get turkey at Higginsonville; we didn't shut down the old rumbling mill—why, we never knew 'twas Thanksgiving until Bill Jones saw the word in an old almanac.

That night when the whistle had tooted its toots, and around the old wood-stove we dried out our boots and hung up our socks and hung on to our snoots, then we all got to talking of things that we lack.

Bill Jones did some cussing (he's handy at that), while around in a cloud of tobacco we sat, and he said that a man was no more than a rat, up here in this measly old lumbering town.

Then he cussed his fool luck and he cussed his fool face that ever was turned toward such a fool place. He said that the grub was a crime and disgrace, and did up the cook and the company brown.

'Twas then Tim the Tarrier, from Tipperaree, a cheerful old body all Irish and glee, got in his remarks and he said, "D'ye see, you're a lot of unthankful, un-Christian galoots.

Thru, to please you no turkey has suddenly died an' been laid out with cranberry sauce on the side. No giblets you have now, all gravied an' fried; you have no perfume but the smell of your boots.

"But you, old Bill Jones, you know down in Chi, in a little back flat, with the alley hard-by, there is turkey today an' there's sauce an' there's pie, an' a happy old time in the household of Jones,

With only one sorrow to make 'em feel blue an' that's that their daddy ain't there with 'em too; but they're prayin' an' longin' an' waitin' for you, an', thank God, they're not after a-hearin' your groans.

"An' the rest of yez, too, who have dear ones somewhere— if you know they have turkey an' somethin' to wear, if things here are rough, what the divil you care, so they're happy at home there, the mother an' kid? Just close your two eyes an' grab onto a fork an', whether they're back in Detroit or New York, 'twill taste just like turkey, this greasy old pork." And we did as he said, and it did, and it did.

BILL.

Bill hasn't no accomplishment;
He isn't like his brother Jim—
Of all these fellows thet invent
There aren't many up t' him.
For Jim has in his blankets hid
Machines t' run perpetual;
Of course none of 'em ever did,
But Jim he says he thinks they will.

No, Bill ain't got no special gift
Like Alkaholum Peterson,
Fer tears an' lafter Pete kin sift
From jest an old accordion.
In fact, I've often heard it said,
By ev'ryone but Petie's wife,
Thet Pete a brass band might uv led
If he had led a diff'rent life.

But Bill ain't got no talents like
The other fellahs on the crick;
He ain't no scrapper such as Mike,
Who's beat up half the bailiwick.
Mike's got a fist an' got a heart
Thet's never known a friend to fail,
Fer Mike'll always take your part—
Unless, of course, he's down in jail.

Poor Bill ain't got no special skill—
Fer instance, such as Henry Flint,
Who kept the books at Murphy's mill
An' wrote a hand as plain as print.

In all my life I never knew
A man as handy with the pen.
He signed some checks fer Murphy, too;
We haven't seen him much since then.

Poor Bill ain't like the rest of us—
He plugs along from day t' day;
He's jest an ordinary cuss
Who lives the ordinary way.
But, though he hasn't any gifts
An' hasn't any special skill,
In all life's changes an' its shifts
You sorter kin depend on Bill.

Yes, Bill's an ordinary man,
But then we treat him jest as free
As if it had been Nature's plan
To make poor Bill like you an' me.
When Jim needs money to invent
Er Pete er Mike mus' pay a fine,
We know why Bill's among us sent—
Fer that's the time fer Bill' t' shine.



DECKLOADS

THE INLAND TAR.

There is bigger ships go trailin'
In the sunset's westward path
Than this ancient tub a-sailin'
With her load of norway lath;
But a sailin' man's a sailor
If he sails a sea er pond—
It's just as near, either there er here,
To the sailor's Great Beyond.

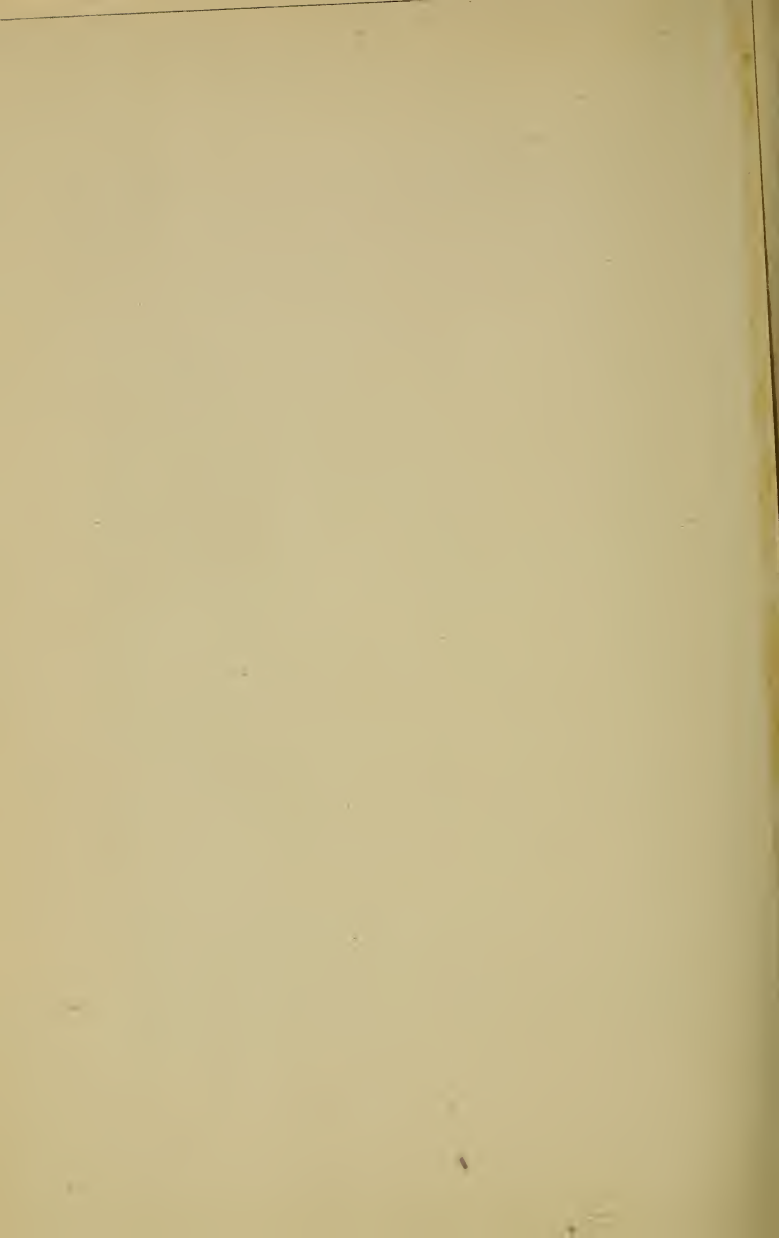
There is bigger ships go cruisin'
Than this bark from Manistee,
But they ain't no more amusin'
When we strike a choppy sea.
From Liverpool to 'Frisco,
Conneaut to Marinette,
It's jest the same when you lose the game,
An' the water's jest as wet.

There is bigger ships a-crossin'
Bigger seas on bigger trips,
But the place to git a tossin'
Isn't on the biggest ships.
On a cranky little schooner
With a lee shore close at hand
The simple cuss, just the likes of us,
Gits a chance to show his sand.

So don't waste your precious pity
On the heroes of the past;
There is fellows jest as gritty
Sailin' now before the mast.
An' when you praise a sailor,
Let the mighty ship go by—
The man who sails the Erie gales
Finds it jest as hard to die.



"In the sunset's westward path,"



THE WOMAN COOK.

It has been proposed to bar women from employment as cooks on lumber craft.

It mayn't be strictly handsome,
It mayn't be jest polite—
But the woman cook an' her menoo book'
Must disappear from sight.
A woman I know's an angel
An' purty to have aboard;
But weather gits thick an' folks git sick,
An' a woman thet's sick—oh, Lord!

A woman kin mix a puddin',
A woman kin build a pie,
A woman kin bake a chocolate cake
That's pleasant to the eye.
Her face is a sweet religion
An' her voice a kind of balm—
But a woman can't cuss like the rest of us
When we fall in a dead, dead calm.

A woman may save the china,
A woman may sweep the floor,
Keep chimneys clean an' geraniums green
An' a fresh tow'l on the door.
A woman kin boil a herrin',
A woman kin cook a clam—
But when the spray knocks the jib away
A woman ain't worth a damn.

A woman is gold an' silver,
A man is iron an' steel;
A woman shrinks when the lee rail sinks,
But a man'll die at the wheel.
A woman shud rock the cradle
An' wait by the cottage door—
But men belong where the wind is strong
An' women belong ashore.

BACK TO THE LAND.

He came aboard us at Duluth—
A namby-pamby kind of youth,
Who'd have enough, we surely thought,
Before we touched at Conneaut.

He said he wished to make a trip
Upon a reg'lar lumber ship,
To benefit his failing health;
We told him, if he sailed for wealth,

He'd reason to be happy if
He simply made enough to live;
And, if his health he journeyed for,
He better had remained ashore,

For, when the wind and water race,
The lakes are not a healthy place.
Around the greasy cabin glim
We sat and thus encouraged him.

But still he said he guessed he'd stick;
He didn't think he'd be real sick.
We told him sick he might not get
But water was extremely wet

At this partic'lar time of year,
And likewise we expressed a fear,
If old Superior got gay,
'Twould blow his Panama away.

That night we stood out in the lake.
We felt the slackened tackle shake
And in the dark, uncertain west
We saw a cloud with purple crest.

It struck us full at half past one—
A peal of thunder like a gun—
And then the boards began to slide
From windward to the leeward side.

If anything can raise the deuce,
It is a deckload, once broke loose.
Who could forget a night like that?—
The sky as black as any hat,

The foaming green and purple wake
We left behind us in the lake,
The load that listed side to side—
And then at three the captain died.

We saw him stumble, reel and lunge,
We heard a frantic cry, a plunge—
We saw his white face in the dark
Sink quickly, like a steamer spark.

I guess we all went crazy then—
Such things will scare the best of men.
Some loosed the dory; some, afraid
To go or stay, both cussed and prayed.

'Twas then we heard another cry
Above the storm, "All hands stand by!"
It was the namby-pamby youth
Had come aboard us at Duluth.

From off the larboard came the roar
Of combers on a sandy shore.
We saw him put her hard a-port,
We heard the old tub give a snort—

Then toward the rim of shining sand
He drove her, bows on, for the land.
She struck, she lifted, struck again,
Then "Each man for himself, my men!"

We heard the stranger yell once more.
Well—God knows how—we got ashore.
The stranger said, "I guess you're right—
With such a craft on such a night,

When death rides every billow's crest,
The solid shore is quite the best;
A safer place it is, for fair—
And that is why I put her there."

THE MEN OF BANGOR.

The wind blows west and the wind blows hard and the wind
blows loud and long,
But the men of Bangor laugh at gales, for the Bangor men are
strong.

The sea rolls high and the sea rolls wide and the sea rolls
blue and black,

To the men of Bangor sings a song—and the Bangor men
sing back:

We are the men of Bangor
Who sail the salted sea;
We are the men of Bangor—
Ship ahoy! and who are ye?
We sail to the south with the morning light
Into the ocean and into the night;
Our decks are heavy, our hearts are light—
Ship ahoy! and who are ye?

The east grows pink, the east grows gray, the east grows
green and blue,

And the men of Bangor bend the sails, and sings the Ban-
gor crew.

The night comes soon and the night comes dark and the
night comes black and chill;

But the men of Bangor feel no fear and the Bangor men
sing still:

We are the men of Bangor
Who sail the salted sea;
We are the men of Bangor—
Ship ahoy! and who are ye?
We sail to the south with the new-cut spruce,
The northman's pine for the southman's use;
The wind is free and the sheet is loose—
Ship ahoy! and who are ye?

The days go by and the days roll on and the days are bleak
and bleak;

The maids of Bangor kneel and pray, for the Bangor men
are dear.

The gale breaks loud and the gale breaks strong and a death-
song sings the gale,

And the men of Bangor look at Death and they call to the
ghostly sail:

We are the men of Bangor

Who sail the salted sea;

We are the men of Bangor—

Ship ahoy! and who are ye?

We sailed to the south with the morning light

Into the ocean and into the night,

But we saw no sail as thine so white—

Ship ahoy! and who are ye?

The river flows to Penobscot Bay and Penobscot Bay to the
sea;

And the men of Bangor follow on to the ocean's mystery.

The women weep and the women wail and the nights are
lone and long

And the men of Bangor come not back, but the sea wind
sings the song:

We are the men of Bangor

Who sail the salted sea;

We are the men of Bangor—

Ship ahoy! and who are ye?

We sailed to the south with the new-cut pine;

We sailed to a port in the foaming brine;

Yet whose the conquest—ours or thine?

Ship ahoy! Death, who are ye?

THE DEPARTURE.

The chief sang softly to his birch canoe,
 "O Swallow-Bird, O skimmer of the bay,
 Bear me upon its bosom far away,
Away from all these sounds and faces new—
For I would be alone, alone with you.

"O Swallow-Bird, when first I shaped your form,
 The days were still, the nights were only stars,
 The water lapped the shining, golden bars
Or sang defiance to the thunder storm;
And nature wooed me with her kisses warm.

"But now new sounds re-echo on the hill,
 Strange beings tread my father's woodland path.
 O Manitou, are these thy men of wrath?
In what, O Manitou, have we done ill?
We feel thy rod, and yet thy voice is still."

The chief knelt softly in his birch canoe;
 He paddled swiftly o'er the open bay,
 He followed westward the expiring day,
Calling, still calling on great Manitou,
Crooning, "O Swallow-Bird, alone with you."

At morn his people gathered on the shore.
 They found his footprints on the wetted sand;
 They found where Swallow-Bird had left the land;
But he they loved returned to them no more
And Swallow-Bird no zephyr homeward bore.

So, by the shore of Time's outrunning sea,
 We find the footprints of his vanished race.
 Here stood they last—here, from this final place,
Pushed bravely outward to eternity
And joined earth's peoples that have ceased to be.

THE REVENGE OF THE GOOD SCOW MARY.

The Mary was only a lumber scow, devoid of rigging or sail
or prow,

An awkward, gawky, South Milwaukee, bummy, crummy old
lumber scow.

Two hundred thousand without a groan she could carry of
lumber, or tons of stone,

But excursion steamers and tug-line screamers passed her,
sassed her and left her alone.

"For we," they said, "are slim and trim, and over the water
like birds we skim;

While you are prosy and dull and dozy, so musty and rusty
you scarcely swim."

So the Gladys luffed when they chanced to meet and the
Swallow showed her a pair of feet;

One and all they snubbed her, a "fossil" dubbed her—laughed
at, chaffed at, throughout the fleet.

But the Mary simply held her peace and watched the sky in
the nor'-nor'-eas'

Grow dead and brassy, glow green and glassy and the hoppy,
choppy sea increase.

With her hold half full of norway plank, the good scow Mary
gave a yank

And something parted—the Mary started, jamming, ramming
from bank to bank.

If ever revenge was really sweet, if ever revenge was quite
complete,

'Twas when the Mary got started fairly to square things,
tear things with that fleet.

If anything ever has raised the deuce, 'twas the good scow
Mary that day broke loose.

The Swallow was swallowed, the Gladys followed—not a sail
or a rail left fit for use.

There wasn't a steamer got in the way was left afloat at the
close of day.

There wasn't a tug left had even a chug left when the Mary
contrary had ceased her play.

And the Mary said as she wiped her brow, "I guess they've
learned to respect me now.

Though I'm only a gawky, South Milwaukee, bummy, crummy
old lumber scow."

PORTE DES MORTES.

"Who would the beauties of the Bay explore,"
The captain said, "must journey through the Door—
The Door of Death." And, at the name so grim,
I trembled. Indian legends old and dim
Rose swiftly, like a cloud bank ghostly white,
Rose swiftly on the silence of the night.
I knew the story—knew that on the sands
Beneath the billows slept, with clutching hands,
The warrior proud, the chieftain gaunt and gray—
And would the morrow make me such as they?

Then came the dawn. Night's shield of iron, released,
Fell, molten, in the cauldron of the east,
And, far and sweet, the day's first seabird called
Across a wide expanse of emerald.
The rocks, the pillars of the deathsome door
On either side, the swaying pine tree bore.
The gentle waves caressed the smiling sands
Where earth and water clasped their loving hands,
This was the Door of Death—a place of peace,
A peace like that when bells their tinkling cease.

"Who would the beauties of new life explore,"
The captain said, "Must journey through the Door—
The Door of Death." Oh, when I, too, consign
To swiftly running tide this soul of mine,
May then the door of death appear as fair
And tints of dawn succeed the shades of care.
Oh, may I find the undiscovered land
But verdured rocks and smiling, golden sand—
My soul, as slips the night of life away,
Be soothed by glimpses of the quiet bay.

THE CHANNEL.

The commerce from the northland's shore
Finds here a channel deep and sure,
And safe in Huron's bosom moor
The fleets of great Superior.

They bear the fallen forest trees,
They bear the heart-blood of the hills—
They bear the wealth of mines and mills,
The treasures of the inland seas.

And it is well we celebrate
The channel genius here has made,
This pulsing artery of trade
That links the state and sister state,

For in our messengers afloat
That bear our commerce east and west
The people are most truly blest—
A busy peace makes war remote.

A NARRATIVE.

The British schooner *Laconia*, which sailed from Bottswoodville, N. B., with a cargo of lumber November 17, 1904, arrived at New York April 13, 1905. It had encountered seven hurricanes and forty gales and had been blown as far as Barbados.

'Twas on November seventeen, when winds were blowing
chill,

The good *Laconia* set sail from out of Bottswoodville.

Brave Captain Troop thus wrote his wife before he sailed
away:

"I'll dine with you in Brooklyn town when comes Thanks-
giving day."

And with the skipper rode John Holm, and Jacobson the
mate,

And Alexander Henderson to keep her footing straight.

Jack Gannon, in the proper time, the lonely dog watch
took.

Jim Powell was the lookout man and Oscar was the cook.

When three days out of Bottswoodville there came a puff
of rain

And then the schooner plunged her nose deep in a hurri-
cane.

The wind blew east, the wind blew west, the wind blew
south and north

And all the demons of the deep their anger bellowed forth.

They seized the schooner in their hands, they shook her
like a rat

Until no man knew where she lay, what shore she pointed at.
She pointed north, she pointed south, she pointed west and
east,

Three times around the compass swung before she was
released.

Then two long weeks and many miles she sailed through
ocean gales

That sprung her seams and washed her decks and blew away
her sails.

A staysail soon went overboard, a topmast blew away,
Till at the mercy of the seas the lumber schooner lay.

Then came another hurricane; five others followed fast;
Through two-score gales that tore the sea the lumber schooner
passed.

And, when the sixty days were done, the mainsail stood alone;
And ev'ry seam the water took and ev'ry rope made moan.

Thanksgiving Day brave Captain Troop in Brooklyn did
not dine;

He fought to keep his craft afloat, his body from the brine.
And Christmas found him on the sea, still far from great
New York;

He dined on bread of wetted flour and strips of salted pork.
That day a tramp from Trinidad, for distant Havre bound,
The poor Laconia beheld and slowly came around.

"Now leave your ship and come with me," the steamer
captain cried;

But Captain Troop but shook his head and not a man replied.
"Then, if you will not leave the ship, pull but a yawlboat
near

That I may send across to you a load of Christmas cheer."
But, when the yawl had struck the wave, it crumbled like
a shell

And sadly o'er the boiling sea the captains bade farewell.

On January seventeen, so strange the sea wind blows,
The good Laconia put in at sunny Barbados.

The mainsail kept still on her course that water-sodden
boat;

Naught but her load of Brunswick pine had kept the craft
afloat.

One day in April, like a bird blown far from homeward
way,
The lumber schooner anchor cast at last in New York Bay.
And she who ended there her course and furled her tattered sails
Through seven hurricanes had passed and weathered forty
gales.

Think not that all our heroes ride behind our frowning
guns;
When you would praise the nation's brave, think on these
humble ones.
Think not that men face death alone on cruisers gray and
grim;
The hero of the lumber scow—O, brothers, think on him.
He wears no uniform of blue, he wears no silver star,
Yet rides he where the waters hiss and where the dangers
are.
If war shall come and nation call for men to do and die,
His voice will be among the first, yea, first to answer
"Aye."
His life is given up to toil that you may housen be—
Defender of the time of peace, reservist of the sea.



THE BOY

THE BIG TREE.

Underneath the old Big Tree,
Just a girl and dog and I,
Counting not the years of glee,
Years of childhood, slipping by.
Just a girl and boy and Jack,
As the skimming swallows free;
But no magic bringeth back
Days beneath the old Big Tree.

Underneath the old Big Tree,
From its leafy branches hung,
There a swing swayed temptingly
Where in childhood days we swung.
Frayed and shredded now the ropes
As the things that cannot be,
Buried now the childish hopes
Underneath the old Big Tree.

Faithful Jack has felt the years,
Stilled the bark so small and brave,
And we wet with later tears
Grasses growing on his grave.
Marching time that onward sweeps
Brings no man as true as he,
Half as true as he who sleeps
Underneath the old Big Tree.

With the reason of the man
And the candor of the brute—
Just a soul in black and tan,
Tender, eloquently mute.
Dog and girl and dreaming boy,
These made up the comrades three—
Reaping all they might of joy
Underneath the old Big Tree.

There are trees in other lands
Greater, taller, fairer far;
But one tree in mem'ry stands
Binding earth and singing star.
In its waving branches high
Heaven's golden door I see—
Let me at the threshold lie
Underneath the old Big Tree.

THE LAND OF CHRISTMAS TREES.

My papa works in a lumber camp
In the land of Christmas trees,
And he wrote to me,
"I wish *you* could see
Such Christmas trees as these!
In the swamp so cold, in the swamp so damp,
There are cedars green and great,
There are pines so high
That they touch the sky,
There are hemlocks slim and straight.

"They smile to the moon, they sing to the star,
They nod to the passing breeze,
And every bough
Wears diamonds now,
In the land of Christmas trees."
O wonderful land in the north woods far,
O wonderful, beautiful land!
In my cot so white
I dream at night
Of the forest green and grand.

My mama says that the snow that lies
In the land where the great trees grow
Is like the spread
On my little bed
Where at night to sleep I go;
That underneath with tight-shut eyes
The flowers are slumbering—
There snug and warm
From the winter storm
They wait for the call of spring

So, when I kneel for the night's amen,
I think of the Christmas land,
I say a prayer
For my papa there
In the forest green and grand;
And another prayer I whisper then
While I kneel on bended knees—
That the Lord will keep
The flowers that sleep
In the land of Christmas trees.

GIVE A BOY A DAWG.

Give to Pa a horse to drive,
Give to Ma a dress;
Give to brother Bill a five,
A doll to Baby Bess.
Give to sister Mame a beau
To sit with on a lawg;
These are dandy things, I know—
But give a boy a dawg.

Give a boy a dawg an' he's
Got a faithful pard;
When he hooks from apple trees
Rover will stand guard.
When he goes the woods to roam
Dawg will follow on,
Quick to find the way back home
When the sun is gone.

Give a boy a dawg an' he's
Safe as by your arm,
For two pardners such as these
Seldom come to harm.
Rain or storm or sudden night,
Snow or hail or fog—
If you'd bring him through 'em right,
Give a boy a dawg.

RUNNIN' LAWGS.

Runnin' lawgs is dandy fun!
Course, you hadn't ought to run
Lawgs at all. It's dangerous,
An' it makes the boom man cuss.
"Say, you kids," you'll hear 'im say,
"You'll get drowned all some day."
Yep, it's risky lawgs to run—
Guess it's that that makes it fun
 Runnin' lawgs.

If a boom of lawgs you found,
Do you think you'd go around?
No; you'd chase away your dawg;
Then you'd jump down on a lawg;
Then you'd have to jump agin
To another, or git in;
For the slipp'ry lawg will sink
With you quicker'n a wink
 Runnin' lawgs.

Ma says wickedness and sin's
Like runnin' lawgs. A boy begins
Doin' wrong; an' then he keeps
Going' on by jumps an' leaps
Till he comes to water black
Where he can't go on or back.
Then he sinks beneath his sin
Just like some folks tumble in
 Runnin' lawgs.

One time, 'long about in June,
I run lawgs all afternoon.
Then I went to Archie's house
'Cause I'd wet my Sunday blouse.
Ma got scared an' started out
Lookin' for me all about;
An' they told her pretty soon
I'd been seen that afternoon
 Runnin' lawgs.

Then my ma she cried an' cried,
So they tell me. Well, I dried
All my clothes an' started back
An' I met my ma an' Jack
Lookin' for me. Ma—well, say,
She just fainted dead away
When she seen me once agin.
Funny—when I'd only been
 Runnin' lawgs.

TOMMIE'S HOUSE.

Tommie's house ain't grand or great;
Tommie's house is small, like ours;
But there's vines that climb the gate
An' the path is lined with flow'rs.
Near the street it doesn't stand,
'Cause there isn't any street—
Just a footpath in the sand,
Made by little children's feet,
To Tommie's house.

You kin climb up Tommie's trees,
You kin walk on Tommie's grass,
You kin lay an' watch the bees,
Buzzin', buzzin' as they pass;
You kin listen to the mill,
You kin hear the birds that sing
You kin run an' play your fill—
You kin do 'most anything
At Tommie's house.

I expect perhaps some day,
When I git to be a man,
I'll be livin' far away,
Far from Tommie an' from Nan.
I expect some night I'll sit
Like my pa does, bended low,
Wishin' for a sight of it,
Wishin', wishin' I might go
To Tommie's house.



"You kin listen to the mill."



RIDIN' ON THE CARRIAGE.

Did *your* pa ever take you
Upstairs inside the mill
An' let you ride the carriage
Along 'ith English Bill?
He says, "Now, don't git frightened—
Jist stan' up stiff like me;
Whichever way she's goin',
Why, *that* way bend your knee."
An' then Bill pulls a lever
An' sort o' lets 'er shoot;
An', say—well, holy beeswax!
You ought to see her scoot!
She kind o' gives a rumble
An' kind o' gives a hiss
An' then you hear 'er singin',
"Z—z-a-n-g—bunk—siss!"

An' when she has no mor'n
Got good an' goin' gone,
She kind o' stops a-sudden—
But I keep goin' on.
Then pa he grabs my collar
Jist like he had a gaff,
An' Bill an' all the fellers
They laff an' laff an' laff.
An' then she prances back'ard
The same way that she come
An' Bill he pulls the lever
An' then you hear 'er hum.
Have *you* rode on a carriage
An' heard 'er sing like this:
"B—boom, boom-boom, b—boom-boom,
"Z—z-a-n-g—bunk—siss"?

Them fellers on the carriage
Are funny kind of men—
They jist ride this way, that way,
An' so an' back agin.
For them it ain't no trouble
To keep their places, for
I guess perhaps that maybe
They're fastened to the floor.
An' when it comes to speakin'
Them fellers understan'
If the sawyer nods his fore'ead
An whispers 'ith his han'.
There ain't much use o' talkin',
The place so noisy is
When the carriage gits to singin',
"Z—z-a-n-g—bunk—siss!"

There's many kinds o' business
For boys growed up to men—
A kid kin be a barber
Or a kid kin shove a pen.
But when I grow to manhood
No airships I'll invent;
I won't be any lawyer,
I won't be president.
There's other kinds o' business
I'd like a darn sight more
Than bein' sent to Congress
Or running of a store.
I'll just ride on the carriage;
There's nothin' fine as this—
No music like the music,
"Z—z-a-n-g—bunk—siss!"

BUD GREEN'S HERO.

Bud Green he thinks that he is smart
Because he's rode upon a train,
But Bud has never rode a cart,
Like me, along 'ith Jimmy Mahon.
But what Bud prides himself on most
(An' no kid ever prided more)—
He's seen a man, he likes to boast,
Who had his laig shot off in war.

This man told Bud just how it wuz
He lost his laig that awful day;
A cannon ball it come ker-buzz—
The laig it cud no longer stay.
He cud 'ave dodged, the man told Bud,
An' saved his laig an' saved his pants
But, if he had, the ball it wud
'Ave passed *his* laig an' taken Grant's.

I never seen, like Smarty Green,
A man who lost his laig in war,
But I'll bet marbles that I've seen
Of sawed-off folks a darnsight more;
There's Jamie Mack, who lost his hand
A-picking splinters from the gang,
An' Jones on one leg has to stand
Because a bandsaw went ker-bang.

The man who lost his laig in war,
As bragged about by Smarty Green,
Had never felt no buzz saw or
Stuck fingers in a lath machine.

Bud's man who saved the general
Who won the battle, held the fort,
He lost no arm an' eye as well
As other things, as did Old Sport.

I guess there 's things that's worse than war
Or being hit by cannon balls—
Say, have a cog that's near the floor
Take hold upon your overhalls.
A man to war don't have to go
For things that hurt an' things that kill,
If he'll just fool a year or so
Around a good old-fashioned mill.

POEMS FOR OCCASIONS

THE BURNING.

As a young mother yields herself to death
And only sips the joy of motherhood,
So now this house that we esteemed so good
Lies heaped in ashes by the fire-fiend's breath.

The one knew only pain and one soft kiss,
The gentle pressure once of infant arms.
Yet may one kiss still all of life's alarms
And one embrace span even death's abyss.

Each was a shelter from the world's affairs,
Each was a place of refuge and of rest;
Each to her bosom her own infant pressed
And with a gentle hand removed its cares.

O angel Mother, still I hear thy voice;
O absent Mother, still I see thy face.
Across the years, across the years and space,
They calm my spirit, make my heart rejoice.

O Home of mine amid the guilt and gloss,
I learned to love thee in a little while;
I learned the welcome of thy gentle smile—
And now I learn, alas, how great my loss.

O Home of mine, from out thy ashes dumb
Send me some message, some sweet thought impart—
Teach me to build, build here within my heart,
A hearth like thine, where weary ones may come.

SAN FRANCISCO.

She stood beside the westward gate
And flung it wide to all the world,
As angels, by the gate empearled,
Earth's weary travelers await.

And she was fair as angels are—
Fair with the mighty mystery
Of golden strand and emerald sea
And purple mount and shining star.

Yea, fair she was, and great, and calm,
And proudly reigned o'er many a mile;
Her every sunrise was a smile,
Her every sunset was a psalm.

Yea, fair she was—and then, unseen,
The thunder shook her jeweled throne;
Her palace tumbled, stone on stone,
And left unhoused a stricken queen.

A tremor ran across the waves
And broke in terror on the shore;
And, where a garden bloomed before,
New mounds arose o'er huddled graves.

Bright as her future and her fame
The skies were kindled by her pyres;
Insatiate, a thousand fires
Wrapped all her splendor in their flame.

The night came down, and weeping men
Saw, in the west, day flicker out ;
Yet in no heart arose a doubt
That God's white dawn would come again.

So, San Francisco, in thy woe
Doubt not the day again shall rise ;
Come, kiss thy dead and wipe thine eyes
And set thy features to the glow

That wakens in the yellow east ;
For, from thy ashes and thy pyres,
Shall rise again thy thousand spires
In numbers and in fame increased.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

Like men who play at chess, great minds there are
That play with nations—by a move or chance
They make an epoch in the world's advance,
They seal sweet peace or loosen bloody war.

Yet they who play at chess and play at strife
Know not the unrevealed, the ultimate.
How much of human life appears as fate;
How much of fate seems human-ordered life.

The little things men oft esteem the most,
And scorn the greater, vital things they do;
How great is Austerlitz till Waterloo;
How small are titles on an exile coast.

The one-time bauble of a foreign throne—
A throne unconscious of fore-doomed defeat—
Arises now, its destiny complete,
A greater empire than Napoleon's own.

THE LOUISIANA MONUMENT.

Look you, O stately monument!
How good a thing is God's intent,
How man is but His instrument.

Look you, as peoples come and go,
How men build better than they know—
See Livingston, Marbois, Monroe.

Thus are our acts in God's will blent;
Things men ascribe to accident
Oft bear the stamp of God's intent.

THE FILIPINOS.

As children greet an infant born,
All doubt, and fear, and faith, and smiles,
O Brothers of ten thousand miles,
O Brothers of the later morn,
We greet the people of your isles.

Onetime we looked across the tide,
When first you came within our care,
And saw one race, one people, there;
We saw a people unified—
Alike in work, alike in prayer.

But now you come around the earth
To teach us what and who you are;
You come from regions vague and far
And gather at the nation's hearth,
Strange fruits of most unselfish war.

One race you are not; for in you
We find the soldier, artisan,
The Christian, the Mohammedan,
The savage, and the æsthete, too—
No man like to his brother man.

O strange composite in the West,
The task not only ours to teach;
But you across the way must reach
And draw the savage to your breast—
Must breathe the message each to each.

O varied people o'er the sea,
 Dream not of eastward exodus;
 Teach you your brothers thus and thus
Until one people you shall be—
 First one yourselves, then one with us.

NAPOLEON.

He gave to Europe sword and gun,
With patriot blood he stained her sod;
But to a land he never trod
His pen gave more than sabre won.

JEFFERSON.

Thine not to lead to cannon mouth
The fair-haired North, the dark-cheeked South—
Thine but to win by peaceful ways
These hills of iron, these fields of maize.

LAST NIGHT THE SILENT PLAZA THROUGH.

Last night the silent Plaza through
There walked a ghostly company
Attired in oldtime panoply.
Last night across the waters blue
There came the sound of muffled oar
That Ferdinand De Soto bore.

Last night there climbed the marble stair
With clinking silver musical,
A gentleman—Le Sieur la Salle.
Last night there came a whispered prayer,
A golden moment 'mid the dross,
And Pere Marquette bore high a cross.

Last night there marched a maddened crew
With Coronado, famed and bold,
Who walked on gold and saw no gold.
Last night another nearer drew;
And, where he sowed the potent seed,
A city rose to greet Laclede.

Last night came Livingston and read
Upon the world's gigantic toy
The name "Monroe," the name "Marbois."
Then "It is found," De Soto said.
Then said La Salle, "'T was not in vain."
Said Coronado, "Spain, O Spain!"

Then said Laclede, "O heart, well done;"
Monroe, "Well written, mighty pen;"
Marbois, "O France, what might have been!"
Then Livingston breathed, "Jefferson;"
And he in solemn, monk design
Whispered, "O God, that all were Thine!"

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ON THE BLUFFS OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

'T was the year of our centenary, the wide world was our guest;
We told of the things accomplished and how we had won the West.
We sang of the far Montana, the land of gold and grain,
The land of the hidden metal, the land of the fertile plain.
We said we would send a message to the red man in his hills—
The hiss of the steel that pierces, the hum of the lead that kills.

So Crook rode north from Wyoming with a thousand men and true;
Then Gibbon rode east from Bozeman with his dusty ranks of blue;
And Terry rode west from Dakota with Custer knee and knee—
Custer the pride of the nation, and his Seventh Cavalry.
Loved of the army Custer, laureled with battle scars,
Knight of the newer knighthood under the Stripes and Stars.

At the head of the Rosebud River Crook met with his painted foe—
And Crook rode back to Wyoming, a painful ride and slow.
Then up the Rosebud River, by red man's trail and pass,
To the land of the Little Big Horn, to the Valley of Greasy Grass,
Rode Custer—unhappy victim of bloody and cruel mistake—
And his men from the great white timber, from the place of the mighty lake.

Weakened and small their number, yet someone bade
"Divide";

The word was the fatal blunder by which great Custer died.
Benteen rode down to the southward and Reno rode to the
west;

McDougall was left with the pack-train to do the thing was
best;

And upward alone rode Custer, and his Seventh Cavalry;
Upward alone rode Custer—into eternity.

They came with a fiery message—the answer was redder
fire;

They came in avenging anger—and met with avenging ire.
San Arc and Ogallala, Brulé and red Cheyenne,
Rode in the circle tightened 'round Custer and his men.
This was the white man's message, this was the red's reply;
And they who came with the missive remained behind to die.

This was not war, but murder; this was the savage way—
A battle without surrender, that only death could stay.
Smith rode down in the gully, Smith and the L troop men,
Keogh down in the shallow—but neither came back again.
Thinner and thinner in number they knelt in a blazing hell
Till, fighting and dying and praying, the last of the heroes
fell.

We send to the red a message, to the red man in the hills—
'Tis the touch of the hand that strengthens, 'tis the sound
of the voice that thrills.

We sing of the fair Montana, a land of gold and grain,
The land of the precious metal, the land of the fertile plain.
And died not these heroes vainly; they sleep in a land they
blessed—

For they gave of their heart's own lifeblood in the winning
of the West.



"The great white timber."



NIGHT.

The arms of night enfold the tired day,
The heavens light their million little lamps,
And, where the sun beheld the world's affray,
The gentle moon reviews its sleeping camps.
Thank God for night; thank God that men must sleep;
Thank God that men must pause in toil for gain—
For, did they not, their eyes must ever weep.
For, did they not, their hearts must ever pain.
Thank God for sleep; thank God for night and rest;
I take the balm and press it to my eyes.
Here I shall slumber, head upon my breast,
And here, refreshed, behold the new day rise.

THANKSGIVING.

When sheaves are stacked in bounteous heaps
On summer's fertile plain,
When he who gleaned the treasure sleeps
And dreams of garnered grain,
The air grows warm, the night grows still—
A memory of June—
And slowly o'er the distant hill
Ascends the harvest moon.

It bathes the sheaves in silver floods
Of light of heavenly birth,
It lights anew the fields and woods,
It glorifies the earth.
Forgotten now the winter's snow,
The summer's glaring sun,
And heaven above and world below
Are mellowed into one.

So, when the days of toil are o'er
And harvest days are here,
Thanksgiving comes with bounteous store—
The moonrise of the year.
Its rays reveal the blessings sent
To cheer our dreary ways,
And heartaches old and discontent
Are mellowed into praise.

THE BIRTHPLACE.

Not 'round the palaces of kings
Is woven all the song and story;
Time's blazing sun as often flings
On humble roof the gleam of glory.
A flow'r may grow from rugged earth
As in the garden of a Nero,
And simple hut may render birth
Like royal house to future hero.

One birth men celebrate above
The birth of all earth's line of mortals;
That night there streamed celestial love
Athwart the sky from open portals.
But not on purple or on gold
First looked the tiny, infant stranger—
His eyes were opened to behold
The sombre wall, the rough-hewn manger.

I know not whose this house may be,
With sighing cedar bending o'er it,
Nor know how future history
Shall view the tangled grass before it.
The chimney built of stick and stone,
This place of simple life and barter,
May be the pillar of a throne,
May be the last thought of a martyr.

Yet, if the world shall never know
The babe that here awakes to being,
If, while he tramps a treadmill slow,
The world shall pass him by, unseeing,

Still is that humble roof more great
To that fond heart than any other,
For he will pause, when life is late,
To dream of hearthstone and of mother.

For castle gate and palace wall,
For cabin door and sturdy rafter,
With memories our hearts enthrall
In those long years that follow after.
The busy man, now feeble seer,
To some dear place his love is giving,
Thus one shall turn again that here
Began the mystery of living.

PYRAMID PARK.

Here the Creator paused—and Time stood still;
The burning rock, the throbbing, molten hill,
Solidified unfinished, at His will.

Eastward there stretched the fertile, rolling plain—
Ready for tramp of hoof and garb of grain,
Ready for morning sun and evening rain.

Westward there stretched the mountains to the sea—
Rich in the verdant splendor of the tree,
Rich in their hidden, golden mystery.

Here in this spot, this uncompleted land,
The great Creator stayed His mighty hand
That man might look and learn and understand.

Then heavy Time resumed its slow career;
And day on day, succeeding month and year,
Slow-moving Time still molds and fashions here.

DETROIT.

The one queen city of the borderland,
Where clasps each nation an extended hand,
 Detroit sits here beside her channel deep,
 And sees the fleets of peacetime onward sweep—
A slow procession, fairer and more grand
 Than floating fortresses of steel that keep
The wreck-strewn roadstead and the bloodied sand.

This is the Anglo-Saxons' meeting place;
Here nation stands with nation face to face;
 But never frowning fort rears here its head
 To send its neighbor fort its word of lead.
This is the land of plenty and of grace;
 These are the paths of peace unpicketed—
This is the common hearthstone of the race.

LEW WALLACE.

Each man must leave to earth a legacy;
 Embarking on the waves of mystery
 Must leave some footprint by the unknown sea.

Some leave behind them shining piles of gold;
 Some leave behind them lineage of old;
 Some leave behind but granite gray and cold.

Some leave behind a blood-encrusted sword;
 Some leave behind love's broken, silken cord;
 Some leave behind a monarch's wand and word.

What leavest thou in legacy or lore?
 What leavest thou, to be remembered more?
 What leavest thou here on the silent shore?

Not sword alone, for long thy sword was cold,
 Ancestral name or heaps of shining gold,
 But this, the story that thy genius told.

Now still thy lips, impotent now thy hand;
 But men shall find thy footprint in the sand
 And many things shall see and understand.

For men shall walk with Him of Nazareth;
 For men shall breathe faith's everlasting breath
 And solve the mystery of life and death.

This is the treasure that thou leavest, then;
 This is the legacy thou leavest men—
 Long sheathed thy sword, but ever speaks thy pen.

GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER.

Good night, Mother—close your eyes,
Sleep, the sleep deserving;
Finished now life's fabric lies,
Done the hours of serving.
Good night, Mother—though you sleep,
Love shall not forsake you;
We, who watch alone, shall weep,
But we would not wake you.

Good night, Mother—it is night
To the hearts that love you,
But the day eternal's light
Marks the path above you.
Good night, Mother—in the dawn,
Now the sky adorning,
Angel voices beckon on,
Singing, "Soul, good morning!"

SYMPATHY.

No man so poor but he may give
 To other men some cheer,
No man too low or high may live
 To help some brother near.
The forest that we tread is dark
 And hidden is the trail;
Oh, keep alight the single spark
 That leads to Holy Grail.

No gift so cheap to give, and yet
 No gift so dear to hold;
The eyes that weep when eyes are wet
 Are mines of rarest gold.
No gift so cheap as love is cheap,
 Yet none so rich may be
As they who on their altars keep
 The lamp of sympathy.

A forest dark, bewildering,
 This life we wander through;
Praise God for those who work and sing,
 For both we have to do—
Our greater mission not to win
 The thing we most desire,
But more to keep, through care and sin,
 Our hearts with love afire.

For there are others on the road,
 The dark and misty trail,
And we who bear the lighter load
 Must help the ones who fail;

And, helping on the weary soul
Who stumbles by alone,
Thus we, in striving for his goal,
Shall come upon our own.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

I hold him dearest who aspires
To kindle in my heart the fires
Of best desires.

I hold the man of all most dear
Who, when I stumble, draweth near
With word of cheer.

I hold that man of best intents
Who giveth me not paltry pence,
But confidence.

For there are men who quick caress
Will give to laurel-crowned success—
To nothing less.

But, oh, how dearer far are they
Who help me on the upward way
When skies are gray.

If so it be that I attain
The mountain peak, and leave the plain
And paths of pain,

My prayers shall first be upward sent
For those dear friends of mine who lent
Encouragement.

THE BLIND.

This world, to other mortals green and gay,
To him is dim and misty and unknown.
He must explore and re-explore the way,
Must feel anew each hurt and bruise of stone.

Each path is strange, though often traveled o'er,
Each hour of all the day an hour of night.
At eve he comes half-doubting to his door
Nor sees afar his window's waiting light.

And yet I sometimes think perhaps he sees
The farther as his earthly visions fade,
That he has solved some of those mysteries
Through which the seeing blunder on afraid.

For from his lips I hear no loud complaint
And from his heart I hear no cry of woe;
He bows his head as bowed the dying saint,
Nor questions God, since God has willed it so.

I would that I might learn his sweet content
That I might better bear life's petty ills
And, when my feet to gloomy vales were sent,
Might hear my heart still singing in the hills.

O Dan, if you have found the path of peace,
You tread the way that many seek in vain;
For you have found the place where sorrows cease,
For you have found the balm for every pain.

O Dan, if you have learned to bend the knee,
To bow the head, content, and kiss the rod,
You look beyond where other men may see,
You look above them on the face of God.

IT'S A MIGHTY GOOD WORLD TO ME.

I've heard folks sigh, I've heard folks cry
That life's not worth the while,
That men deceive and women grieve,
And none has cause to smile.
The road is long, and things go wrong,
And folks all disagree;
In vain our dreams—and yet it seems
A mighty good world to me.

Yes, folks complain that life is pain,
That naught is good or pure,
The bad succeed, the wealthy bleed
The pockets of the poor.
We weep, we sleep, and thus we keep
The treadmill endlessly,
A way of tears—yet it appears
A mighty good world to me.

Oh, there are those who tell their woes
To ev'ry willing ear;
To such as they all skies are gray
And ev'ry path is drear.
I sometimes think perhaps they drink
The bitter needlessly;
Despite their groans, despite their moans,
It's a mighty good world to me.

If life is fair or life is bare
Upon ourselves depends;
He who complains has but his pains—
The merry man has friends.

Oh, look above with eyes of love
And see the skies of blue
Where sunrays gleam, and it will seem
A mighty good world to you.

THE DISAGREEABLENESS OF
INFALLIBILITY.

He owned a mill, he owned a mine,
He owned a hundred miles of pine,
He owned a horseless carriage fine,
 He owned as well a coach and four;
He owned a house, he owned a lot,
He owned a yawl, he owned a yacht;
Could Lake Superior be bought,
 He'd owned that, too, from shore to shore.

He owned a mansion great and brown,
He owned at night a couch of down;
He owned a street, he owned a town,
 In politics he owned a state.
He owned a sumptuous palace car;
He owned a railroad stretching far,
He owned a ship from keel to spar,
 He owned them both and owned the freight

And yet he lived a life alone
Because one thing he did not own;
And all his cash was seed was sown
 Upon a field of arid salt.
He had no popularity
Because he had not learned to see
That what he lacked was this, that he
 Had never owned a fault.

L'ENVOI.

This life would be one grand, sweet song
If other folks would say they're wrong.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technology

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